

FIFTY CENTS *

OCTOBER 17, 1969

Moratorium: At War with War

TIME





It's an Old Forester kind of day.

When you lose one match but win another.
What's ahead? A gala celebration topped off with the
good flavor of a great Kentucky Bourbon.



At 86 or 100 proof
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Brown-Forman Distillers Corporation
At Louisville in Kentucky © 1969.

Belted tires: The difference is measured in miles.

There's a revolution in tire development going on at B.F. Goodrich.

It has to do with belted tires, the kind we'll be riding on in the 70's.

We're making two kinds. The bias-belted. And the radial-belted. Both have belts that circle the tire underneath the tread.

And both are measurably better than the unbelted tires most of us ride on today.

The bias-belted tire that will come on next year's cars has a polyester cord body, reinforced with a fiberglass belt.

Compared to an unbelted tire, our bias-belted will give you substantially better mileage.

But best of all is the B.F. Goodrich Silvertown radial-belted tire, the biggest innovation in tires since we invented the tubeless tire.

Our radial-belted will give you the best mileage. The reasons are quite technical. But because a radial-belted tire is made differently, it runs cooler. Unique knee-action sidewalls permit the radial tire to flex independently of the movement of the tread. The tread does not squirm or scuff, so the tire wears longer.

Now selecting the right tire for your needs is easier than ever. B.F. Goodrich has given you a choice. All you have to remember is good, better, best.

The unbelted tire is good.

The bias-belted tire is better.

The Silvertown radial-belted tire is best.

B.F. Goodrich

**We make the
difference in tires.**



TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, October 15

WEDNESDAY NIGHT MOVIE (ABC, 9-11 p.m.). Everyone's changing partners in *Divorce*. *American Style* (1967), which stars Dick Van Dyke, Debbie Reynolds, Van Johnson, Jason Robards Jr. and Jean Simmons.

Thursday, October 16

DANIEL BOONE (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). A former slave (Roosevelt Grier), now chief of the Tuscarora Indian tribe, gives old Dan a hand in snatching a British cannon. "Rosy" will be back in other episodes.

THURSDAY NIGHT MOVIES (CBS, 9-11:20 p.m.). Natalie Wood, Christopher Plummer, Rudy McDowall, Robert Redford and Ruth Gordon ramble through the Hollywood of the '30s in *Inside Daisy Clover* (1966).

IT TAKES A THIEF (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). Fred Astaire also takes on a recurrent guest-star role as the retired master thief and father of Alexander Mundy (Robert Wagner). He gives his son a little assistance in capturing a counterfeiter in "The Great Casino Caper."

Saturday, October 18

LOW WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 2-4 p.m.). Lew Alcindor's regular season N.B.A. debut with the Milwaukee Bucks is covered live from Milwaukee as his team takes to the basketball court against the Detroit Pistons.

N.C.A.A. GAME (ABC, 4-7:30 p.m.). California v. U.C.L.A. from Los Angeles.

Sunday, October 19

HEIDI (NBC, 7-9 p.m.). Tune in and see if this repeat does exactly what last year's presentation did when it cut off the exciting finish of the A.F.L. football game that preceded it.

FRANK SINATRA JR. WITH FAMILY AND FRIENDS (CBS, 9-10 p.m.). The family includes Dad and Sister Nancy, and the friends are Jack Benny, Sammy Davis Jr., Arte Johnson and the Dooletown Pipers on this musical-variety special.

THE FORSYTE SAGA (NET, 9-10 p.m.). The third episode in the lives of this complex clan.

Monday, October 20

NET JOURNAL (NET, 9-10 p.m.). "Matador" is a film portrait of El Cordobas, Spain's magnetic and successful bullfighter.

THEATER

On Broadway

FORTY CARATS. Julie Harris stars in this frothy French farce that pleads for a single standard of judgment on age disparity in marriage.

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM. Woody Allen plays Woody Allen in his comedy about a neurotic young man who is rejected even by the girls of his fantasies.

Off Broadway

SALVATION. Begotten by *Hair*, this new musical is an aesthetically retarded child that epitomizes Modcom—the commercial exploitation of modernity without regard

for dramatic art. Like other Modcom productions that peddle the youth cult, *Salvation* is replete with cynical simulations of innocence, freedom and dissent.

ADAPTATION—NEXT. Elaine May's *Adaptation* and Terrence McNally's *Next* are a happy combination of funny one-acters. Both plays are directed by Miss May with her usual wit and comic perception.

NO PLACE TO BE SOMEBODY. Charles Gordon's story of black-white and black-black relations is flawed by melodrama; yet the play ticks with menace and is unexpectedly and explosively funny.

OH! CALICUITA! A revue that looks suspiciously like burlesque, featuring lots of bodies but not much substance.

TO BE YOUNG, GIFTED AND BLACK is a series of readings from the works of the late playwright Lorraine Hansberry, in which whites as well as blacks speak for her. Suffused with a glowing concern for all humanity, as well as with anger at injustice, it is something of a milestone in the current white-black confrontation.

CINEMA

THE GYPSY MOTHS. Director John Frankenheimer once more brings courage to the fore in this tale of three stunt parachutists bound together by danger. The story bogs down somewhat in heavy-handed philosophy, but Frankenheimer manages to pull the rip cord in time with a brilliant skydiving sequence that makes the moviegoer's time well spent.

TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN. Woody Allen makes his debut as a film director. He also co-authored this zany crime flick, and plays the starring role of a crook. What's more, he makes it all work.

EASY RIDER. A major movie on an old theme—youth searching for where it's at. The props are familiar—drugs and motorcycles—but Director Dennis Hopper (who also co-stars with Peter Fonda) puts starch in what has become worn material. A brilliant performance by Newcomer Jack Nicholson, plus the use of hard-core Americans playing themselves, makes the youths' odyssey Homeric indeed.

TRUE GRIT. It's the Duke at his best. In what could have been just another western, John Wayne shows true grit in this cornball shoot-'em-up.

MIDNIGHT COWBOY. A slick package about being lonely and loveless in New York is directed by John Schlesinger in fashion-magazine style, but the acting of Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight gives the film a sense of poignancy and reality.

MEDIUM COOL is an angry essay on American society in crisis. Writer-Director-Photographer Haskell Wexler uses the framework of a TV cameraman's experiences during last summer's Chicago convention to render the year's most impassioned and impressive film.

THE WILD BUNCH. The place is the Tex-Mex border, around the turn of the century, where a group of freebooting bandits try to scrounge a living out of a life that is fast becoming obsolete. Director Sam Peckinpah explores this violent world with hard-edged poetry and a sense of visual splendor that establishes him as one of the best American film makers.

STAIRCASE. There are two good reasons to see this film version of Charles Dyer's play; they are Richard Burton and Rex Harrison. Portraying a bickering, desperate

SPALDING'S LEARN-TO-SKI HEADQUARTERS

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Chicago Chicago Ski Shop
Chicago Cook's Sportcraft Co.
Chicago Klein's Sporting Goods
Chicago Win-Sum Ski Shop
Evanston Tack L. Tyler Ski Shop
Geneva The Ski Shop
Glenview Scandinavian Ski Shop
Hoffman Estates Omega Sport Shop
Joliet Bob Musers Sport Shop
Lake Forest The Outdoorsman
McHenry McHenry Favorite Sports Shop
Moline Sportland
Mt. Prospect Willy's Ski Shop
Oaklawn Oaklawn Ski & Sports
Palatine Pro Sport Center
Parkridge Parrish Sport Shop
Rockford Rockford Sport Shop
Volo Munson Marine
Westmont Sun & Snow, Inc.
Winnetka Hubbard Woods Ski Shop

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Fort Wayne Main Auto & Sports
Fort Wayne Root's Ski Haus
Indianapolis Alpine Haus
Kokomo Sunburn, Inc.
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Overland Park Sitzmark Ski & Sun
Topeka The Team Sporting Goods
Wichita Wichita Sporting Goods

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Birmingham Don Thomas Sportsaus
Bloomfield Hills Bavarian Village Ski Shops
Dearborn Schners Sports Shop
Detroit Dees Sport Shop
Detroit Griswold Sporting Goods
East Lansing Sportsmeister
Flint Abbe's
Flint Sports Equipment Co.
Grand Lodge Jim Earl Sports
Grand Rapids Bill & Paul's Sportsaus
Howell Pomeroy's
Kalamazoo Lee's
Kalamazoo Schaub-Powell
Lansing Bill & Paul's Sportsaus
Lansing J. W. Knapp Co.
Lathrop Village Bavarian Village Ski Shops
Livonia Griswold Sporting Goods
Gaylord Marzolph's Alpina
Mt. Clemens Bavarian Village Ski Shops
Pontiac Griswold Sporting Goods
Royal Oak Schneiders Sport Shop
Saginaw Morley Brothers
Traverse City Bilmar's Sports

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St. Paul Sitzmark Ski Shop

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Creve Coeur Peck's Sport & Marine Sales

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Omaha Sports Corner

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Bellfontaine Adam's Ski Shop
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Dayton Rike's
Mansfield Skiba of Snow Trails
Toledo Reddish Bros. Sporting Goods
Youngstown Palley's Ski Shop

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Kenosha Nehlsen's Sport Shop
Lake Geneva Playboy Club Ski Shop
Madison Perg Pearson Sports
Madison Petrie's Sporting Goods
Milwaukee Les Moise Sport Shop
Oshkosh Joe's Sport Shop

WYOMING

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* All times E.D.T.

If you ever wanted to learn to ski, here is the week to do it!



Now you've got an irresistible incentive to really do something about learning to ski. Spalding (big in sports as long as anybody can remember) has it all arranged. A gala week of lessons and good times at America's most glamorous ski resorts.



Stunningly beautiful worlds in themselves. Brimming with every pleasure in the book.

Here where winter is all squeaky-clean snow, thick purring pines and hot blue skies, you'll learn your skiing ABC's from the best instructors there are. (All ski instruction under the technical advisement of the Professional Ski Instructors of America.) In their skilled hands, you'll find out what you should have a long time ago: that skiing is as easy as walking. Only ten times more fun! In just a few days your progress will amaze you. By the end of the week, you'll be skimming away on your own. Free as a bird. And feeling more alive than you've ever felt in your life!

But easy now! You've got a lot more coming on your blast of a Learn-to-Ski Week. Spalding has lined up so many great things for you to do, you'll be on the go every second. At fondue and cocktail parties. Dances, special movies and thrilling races. Every day will be excitingly different!

This is how to learn to ski! And learn all about the exhilarating life your ski friends don't exaggerate! Only thing is, because registration is limited, you'd be wise to sign up right away for the Learn-To-Ski Week you prefer. So beat it over to the Spalding Learn-To-Ski headquarters closest to where you live. Today is the day to do it!

Pick the time and place here for your Spalding Learn-To-Ski Week:

Killington, Vermont Dec. 7-14
Jackson Hole, Wyoming Dec. 13-20
Sugarbush Valley, Vermont Dec. 14-21
Madonna Mt., Vermont Jan. 4-11
Aspen Highlands, Colorado Jan. 4-11
Squaw Valley, California Jan. 11-18
Sun Valley, Idaho Jan. 18-25
Mt. Snow, Vermont Jan. 18-25
Heavenly Valley, California Jan. 24-31
Timberline Lodge, Mt. Hood, Ore. Jan. 31-Feb. 7
Playboy Club, Lake Geneva, Wisc. Feb. 6-13



Specially created fun filled weeks to teach you how to ski and let you discover the fun of winter. Registration limited.

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FOR THE STORE NEAREST YOU...SEE COLUMN ON OPPOSITE PAGE.

one deux tres vier

Four tips on how to become an unforgettable American memory.

1. Stop, look and listen. That's the easiest way to encounter a foreign visitor. (And, if you don't encounter one, what will he, she or perhaps they have to remember you by?)

2. Prepare to jump a hurdle. What sort of hurdle? Well, let's say you've just stopped, looked and listened in a bustling bus terminal. Your alert eye catches the tentative movement of someone who takes a quick step forward. An even quicker step back. Then stands stock still, looking lost. You've spotted one! Your foreign visitor. And he (or perhaps she) is lost, but too shy to ask directions. And you're just about to offer help. But, suddenly, you can't? You're too shy too? Then that's your hurdle. Jump it. Or simply step across.

3. That's not your hurdle, but you've just run into another? Your English-speaking visitor doesn't understand your answer to his question, even though it was direct and exact? It's probably his ears. Perhaps they're long attuned to British English, or Australian English, or Irish English, and they find your rapid-fire American English difficult to catch. So repeat your answer, slowly.

4. You have no trouble communicating, you just don't know the place he seeks? Take a moment to glance around. And another to dig into your memory. Chances are you do know a Tourist Information Center, or Travelers Aid, or Chamber of Commerce Office and you could take him there.

One foreign visitor's most unforgettable American memory might easily be you.



UNITED STATES TRAVEL SERVICE
An Agency of the U.S. Department of Commerce

homosexual couple on the brink of old age, both men turn in their best screen performances in years.

ALICE'S RESTAURANT. Arthur Penn has turned Arlo Guthrie's jaunty talking-blues hit of a couple of years back into a melancholy epiphany for an entire way of life. It is hard to imagine a more beautiful film than this—or a sadder one.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THEM, by Joyce Carol Oates. The battle to escape the economic and spiritual depression of urban American life is the theme of this family-chronicle novel by the author of *A Garden of Earthly Delights* and *Expensive People*.

CUSTER DIED FOR YOUR SINS, by Vine Deloria. A savagely funny and perceptive book by a young member of the Standing Rock Sioux tribe examines the modern plight of red men beset by white plunderers and progressives alike. Recommended without reservations.

MY LIFE WITH MARTIN LUTHER KING JR., by Coretta Scott King. Intimate touches and a personal context lend new dimensions and drama to the life of her doomed and dedicated husband.

DR. BOWDLER'S LEGACY: A HISTORY OF EXPURGATED BOOKS IN AMERICA AND AMERICA, by Noel Perrin. Examining the literary atrocities of squeamish expurgators, the author has created a brilliant little work of cultural history full of wit and learning.

THE WATERFALL, by Margaret Drabble. The author's finest novel is a superb audit of the profits and losses of love for a woman threatening to destroy herself.

THE EGG OF THE GLAK AND OTHER STORIES, by Harvey Jacobs. Bizarre urban fairy tales delivered with the kick and rhythm of a nightclub comedian.

JESUS REDISCOVERED, by Malcolm Muggeridge. The 66-year-old British cultural curmudgeon writes tellingly of the ways, means and meditations that led to his conversion to Christianity.

FAT CITY, by Leonard Gardner. A brilliant exception to the general rule that boxing fiction seldom graduates beyond the level of caricature.

BIRDS, BEASTS AND RELATIVES, by Gerald Durrell. Zoology begins at home, or at least that's the way it seems to Naturalist Durrell, who recalls his boyhood infatuation with animals and his family's strained tolerance of some of the things that followed him into the house.

THE FRENCH: PORTRAIT OF A PEOPLE, by Sanche de Gramont. Only the cuisine comes off unscathed in this analysis vignette of the French national character.

THE COST OF LIVING LIKE THIS, by James Kennaway. An intense and coldly realistic novel about a man's coming to terms with two women who love him and the cancer that is pinching off his life.

COLLECTED ESSAYS, by Graham Greene. In notes and criticism, the prolific novelist repeatedly drives home the same obsessive point: "Human nature is not black and white but black and grey."

PAIRING OFF, by Julian Moynahan. The book masquerades as a novel but is more like having a nonstop non sequitur Irish storyteller around—which may be more welcome than well-made fiction.

THE BIG LITTLE MAN FROM BROOKLYN, by St. Clair McKelway. The incredible life of Stanley Clifford Weyman, who cracked the upper crust by posing at various times

as U.S. consul general to Algiers, a physician and a French naval officer.

DONA FLOR AND HER TWO HUSBANDS, by Jorge Amado. A sensuous tale of a virtuous lady and her conjugal riffs—as vivid and cheerfully bawdy as Boccaccio.

SHAW, AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY (1856-1898), selected by Stanley Weintraub. Shaw never wrote one. But this paste-and-scissors portrait fashioned from fragments of the great man's work serves its purpose.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Godfather*, Puzo (1 last week)
2. *The Love Machine*, Susann (2)
3. *Naked Came the Stranger*, Ashe (6)
4. *The Pretenders*, Davis (4)
5. *Parino's Complaint*, Roth (5)
6. *The Andromeda Strain*, Crichton (3)
7. *Ado*, Nabokov (9)
8. *The Promise*, Potok (8)
9. *The House on the Strand*, du Maurier
10. *A Place in the Country*, Gainham (7)

NONFICTION

1. *The Peter Principle*, Peter and Hull (1)
2. *My Life with Jacqueline Kennedy*, Gallagher (4)
3. *The Kingdom and the Power*, Talese (3)
4. *The Making of the President 1968*, White (2)
5. *The Honeycomb*, St. Johns (5)
6. *Between Parent and Teenager*, Ginott (10)
7. *My Life and Prophecies*, Dixon and Northrup (8)
8. *Prime Time*, Kendrick
9. *Miss Craig's 21-Day Shape-Up Program for Men and Women*, Craig
10. *Captive City*, Demaris (9)

MOVING?

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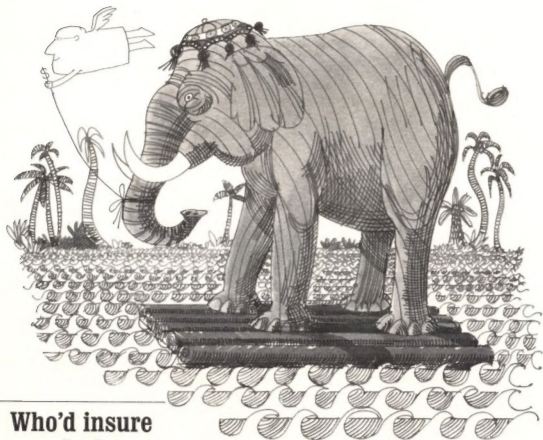
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Who'd insure an elephant riding on a raft?

THE ST. PAUL
INSURANCE COMPANIES
DID.

You'd think a raft-riding elephant was too kooky for a venerable company like us to insure. (Venerable, we're practically Dickensian.)

But true to our reputation for creative underwriting, we said we'd try. (It seems elephants are good swimmers, so it was a good risk and we covered it.)

Q. Why did the elephant people come to us anyway?

A. Well because The St. Paul is quietly notable for insuring things never insured before. (Electronic data processing equipment, farm crops against

hail, fur coats against theft, to name some.)

Q. Haven't you got an elephant?

A. Don't fret. We also write good Non-Elephant insurance. (What do you want insured: your house, your business, your car, your health, your life, your reputation?)

Q. Is the elephant important?

A. No. Our broad-minded kind of underwriting is. (You get a lot more service out of an insurance company with imagination.)

The day you want Creativity, Solvency, and Derring-Do all in one insurance company, you probably want The St. Paul. We don't know any other with all those lovable characteristics.

World's Quietest Insurance Company? Maybe, because we didn't advertise for about a century. We're trying to remedy that, though; and our Agents will talk. Look in the Yellow Pages.

THE ST. PAUL
INSURANCE COMPANIES

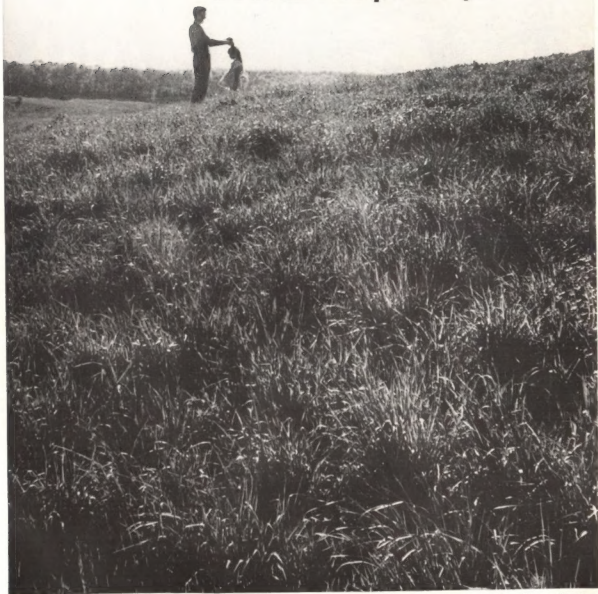


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LETTERS

To the Palls by Caddy and Subway

Sir: As a New Yorker, I view the possibility of Mr. Proccaccino's election [Oct. 3] as possibly the worst thing that could ever happen to New York City. All progress that has occurred in the city could be obliterated. Let all the "Cadillac conservatives" lend themselves to the struggle of helping our city, and may all of us soon view the dawn of the age of human tolerance.

GARY M. COLE, '71

University of Wisconsin
Madison, Wis.

Sir: If only Limousine Liberal John Lindsay & Co. had to ride the subways to work. If they had to send their children to public instead of private school. If they had to put up with the garbage men, teachers and transit workers going on strike. If they had to see their tax money spent on creating the welfare state that exists in New York City while they were working two jobs just to make ends meet. Then, and only then, maybe they would learn that people who do not live with the problems of the middle class cannot go about handing out wholesale advice and solutions and expect the middle class to go along with their hypocritical liberal double standards.

MARGUERITE VERDI

South Ozone Park, N.Y.

Sir: When, oh when, will the people of this nation realize that the only way our problems can be solved is through men like John V. Lindsay? Is the white middle class going to buy the preachings of a few shrewd capitalists like Yorty, Charles Stenvig and Proccaccino? If so, will the blacks, frustrated for the 15 million time, rise up in final, bloody revolt? I hope not.

I pray that some time in the future the majority of the voters will not accuse any man with an imagination of being a dangerous, fire-breathing radical.

DAVID T. GIBSON

Houston

Sir: How about identifying the allegedly prominent Proccaccino supporters? I consider myself *au courant* in metropolitan affairs, but many of the names are not known to me. West of the Alleghenies, I expect, most of the names go unrecognized by your average reader. Parochial notoriety, after all, is not national renown.

GEORGE F. MONAHAN

Assistant Professor of
Modern Languages

Jersey City State College
Jersey City

► It is not surprising that the backers of Proccaccino, who claims to be the candidate of "the little man," are little known outside the New York area; the names were those supplied by Proccaccino. Here-with, the gentlemen's titles for readers west—and possibly east—of the Alleghenies:

1. Professor Howard Adelson, chairman of history department, City College of New York

2. Earl Brown, former chairman of Human Rights Commission, New York City

3. John Burns, New York Democratic State Committee Chairman

4. Emanuel Celler, Democratic Congressman from Brooklyn, chairman of House Judiciary Committee

5. Meade Esposito, Brooklyn Democratic county chairman

6. James A. Farley, former Postmaster General of the U.S.

7. Jack Fuchsberg, former president of American Trial Lawyers Association (Mario Proccaccino's campaign manager)

8. Bert Gelfand, city councilman from the Bronx

9. Lawrence Gerosa, former comptroller of New York City

10. Hulan Jack, state assemblyman and former Manhattan borough president

11. Rabbi Wolfe Kelman, New York City clergyman

12. Nicholas Kisburg, legislative director of Teamsters Joint Council 16

13. Andrew Mulrain, former commissioner of sanitation

14. John Murphy, Democratic Congressman from State Island

15. Bernard Relin, former chairman of the board of Rheingold Breweries

16. Paul Screvane, former deputy mayor of New York City

17. Louis Stulberg, president of International Ladies Garment Workers Union

18. Harry Van Arsdale, president of New York City Central Labor Council (A.F.L.-C.I.O.)

19. Moe Weinstein, minority leader of state assembly

20. Joseph Zaretzki, State senate minority leader.

Up the Down Escalator

Sir: After reading your analogy between Nixon's plight and Zeno's paradox [Oct. 3], it occurred to me that Nixon has been like the kid walking up an escalator that's going down.

CHASE WEBB

San Francisco

Sir: When President Nixon said, "We need to have a middle course" between "instant integration" and "segregation forever," it seemed quite obvious to me that he was advocating the attainment of integration as quickly as could reasonably be expected; not necessarily instantaneous nor delaying it forever. The analogies made by TIME to "Zeno's paradox" and "the mid-point between Now and Forever" are indeed preposterous.

DR. RUSSELL D. SHUPE

Houston

Sir: I am very comforted to see that Richard Nixon may keep a few weekends open in the next three months in order to watch the Washington Redskins in action (Sept. 26). I hope the President's Cabinet keeps an eye on them also, because it may be the only leadership they will have the pleasure of witnessing during the next 3½ years. The leader I am referring to, of course, is Vince Lombardi.

THOMAS W. CONWELL

New London, Conn.

Sir: Concerning the implications that President Nixon is enjoying too relaxed a presidency, I recall having read of draft revisions, troop withdrawals, ABM systems, welfare revision plans, de-inflation measures . . .

Not all of this, I'm sure, took place in a golf cart or on the 50-yard line.

TERESA MILES

Marylhurst, Ore.

Something in the Gizzard

Sir: Your cover story on drugs [Sept. 26] makes it manifestly clear that today's youngster has something in his gizzard.

But it's something more than antagonism to the system, to a governing body or to capitalism. You can see it, feel it. The gap gets wider. Maybe it's the whole pointlessness of the human condition that breeds this weird and hostile detachment.

It spoils me. Because all this breeds in turn a kind of reckless tolerance in the adult world for youthful peccadilloes—the drug scene, the Marxist bent, the inordinate self-indulgence.

Sure, the kids make sense sometimes—a crazy sort of sense. But it beats me. What do they really want?

WILLIAM DONNELLY

Tulsa, Okla.

Sir: I was pleased that you identified the problem not as one of pot per se, but as "the product of a complex and often frustrating society." How unfortunate that the efforts of professors and politicians—whether to legalize or penalize—are too often related to the symptoms of the problem rather than the problem itself. For are not these young folks but the children and grandchildren of the "hollow men" of whom T. S. Eliot wrote nearly a half-century ago? Turning on, tuning out, getting high or getting stoned only reflect an inner starvation and thirst for a satisfying, fulfilling life.

LEN SUNUKJIAN

Youth Associate

Mount Hermon Assoc. Inc.

Mount Hermon, Calif.

Sir: Ironically, the very people who have persistently claimed, without foundation, that marijuana leads to heroin have now set in motion a naive crusade to artificially drive the price of marijuana up in the hope that this will stem its use.

It apparently hasn't occurred to them that with the price up, the marijuana market is now appealing to the underworld.

Kids who deal with amateurs will now deal with professionals who also deal in hard drugs. Hard drug usage will increase, and the crusaders can then, of course, say "I told you so."

JOHN LONERO

East Hampton, N.Y.

Sir: I am an 18-year-old college freshman who began using pot only this summer.

In your article certain opponents of legalization expressed the belief that one is intoxicated, in this case alcohol, was enough for our culture. But you also pointed out that youth has created its own culture or "counterculture." This is the crux of the issue. Adults are trying to force their culture down our throats, and with it their intoxicant, alcohol.

Until adult society learns to respect our culture and life style and with it our intoxicant, which may very well prove to be safer than theirs, they can never earn our respect or admiration.

STEPHEN D. POGUE

Lafayette, La.

Sir: I think that the time has come when we must begin to think of alcohol in the same category as other dangerous drugs. Send a reporter to my hospital and I'll show him where our medical tax dollars are going. They're being used like blotters to soak up the alcohol in which most of my patients are pickled.

PAUL B. DEAN, M.D.

Los Angeles

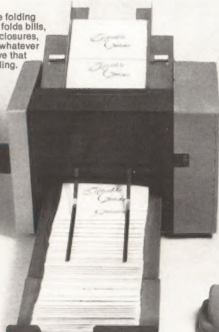
Clunks That Go Thunk

Sir: It was fascinating to read all about how those brilliant designers in Detroit design doors that go "thunk." Detroit has en-

Rent a mailroom, \$34.70 a month.

From Pitney-Bowes. Under a five year lease plan that's all it will cost.* Here's what you'll get.

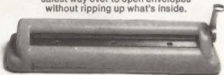
Our Folderette folding machine. Neatly folds bills, statements, enclosures, price lists and whatever else you have that needs folding.



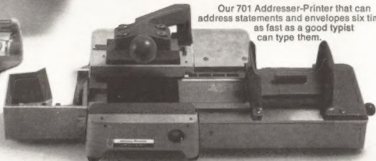
Our new electric Touchmatic postage meter machine that lets you print all your postage in the exact amounts you need, and prints a little advertisement too.



Our LH Mailopener, the neatest, safest way ever to open envelopes without ripping up what's inside.



Our 701 Addresser-Printer that can address statements and envelopes six times as fast as a good typist can type them.



Our 4900 mail scale, which is worth its weight in the postage you'll save.



It's all yours for \$34.70 a month, price subject to change. If you'd like to find out how our mailroom can save you more than it will cost you to rent it, call a Pitney-Bowes office. You can rent everything but a mail boy.

*Shipping extra to Alaska and Hawaii. Price does not include state or local taxes.

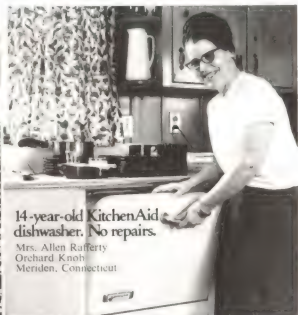


Pitney-Bowes For information, write Pitney-Bowes, Inc., 1798 Pacific St., Stamford, Conn. 06904.



**20-year-old KitchenAid
dishwasher. No repairs.**

Mrs. Pete Danyluk
5519 Corning Ave.
Los Angeles, Cal.



**14-year-old KitchenAid
dishwasher. No repairs.**

Mrs. Allen Rafferty
Orchard Knob
Meriden, Connecticut



**15-year-old
KitchenAid
dishwasher.
One repair.**

Mrs. George Laible
50 Sterling Ave.
Ft. Thomas,
Kentucky

**It's even a little hard for us to believe.
And we're the ones who make KitchenAid dishwashers.**

So we can imagine how you feel when you read such extraordinary claims.

The truth is, we get lots of comments like these from our customers. Unsolicited.

All we can figure is that we do make an extraordinary dishwasher.

But we should. We're dishwasher specialists. We've been making commercial dishwashers for hotels, restaurants and hospitals for over 80 years.

So if you want a dishwasher for your home that will give you maximum years of service, with minimum service problems, get a KitchenAid.

See your KitchenAid dealer soon. (He's listed in the Yellow Pages.) Or write for colorful literature, KitchenAid Dishwashers, Dept. 9DQQ-10, The Hobart Manufacturing Company, **KitchenAid** Dishwashers and Disposers Troy, Ohio 45373.

KitchenAid dishwashers—20 years of good old-fashioned quality

**Repeat
customers
help us
grow**



**A truly BETTER
Moving Service**

World-wide Moving Service
Agents in Principal Cities
General Offices:
Indianapolis
Indiana



**Byron Janis'
Accompanist**

The New Baldwin

engineered other important sounds into my late-model car. There is an impressive "budda-deh-buddede" in my rear axle. There is a scintillating "chatcheteh-chatcheteh" coming from a rear shock absorber, a soothing "toketah, toketah" from my radio antennae and a "ssshhhbbel" from my radio. And I may well have the only door that closes with a "puh-lox-etteh-kth." I have been assured by the service manager that, "dats duh way der bilt, nut tin' ya kin do."

Skokie, Ill.

RICHARD ROSEBERG

Of Lamps and Mirrors

Sir: I've often wondered which article in TIME would finally compel me to write you a letter. In 15 years of reading, I've often wanted to write; tonight I find I have no choice.

Thank you for the hauntingly beautiful article, "Black Lamps, White Mirrors" [Oct. 3]. I shall use it as a teacher and keep it among my important papers always. SISTER NOEL KERNAN, A.C.

Homestead, Pa.

Sir: It is odd that you overlooked entirely the French genius Théodore Géricault—the one great white artist who, in a score of works from the latter portion of his all-too-brief 32 years, first made a veritable specialty of portraying the black man, whether beautiful, buffeted, or bold.

Surprising, too, to your list of "intense lyric voices," is the omission of such major black American poets as Paul Laurence Dunbar, William Stanley Braithwaite and Countee Cullen.

Still, a useful and timely presentation.

CALDWELL TITCHEM
Chairman, School of Creative Arts
Brandeis University
Waltham, Mass.

Sir: It is absolutely impossible to give a truly representative view of either Claude McKay or the spirit of black people without including McKay's poem *If We Must Die*.

*If we must die—let it not be like dogs,
Hunted and penned in an inhuman spot;*

*While round us bark the mad and hungry dogs,
Making their mock at our accursed lot*

*If we must die—oh, let us nobly die,
So that our precious blood may not be shed*

*In vain, then even the monsters we
defy*

*Shall be constrained to honor us though
dead!*

*Oh, Kinsmen! We must meet the common foe;
Though far outnumbered, let us show*

*us brave,
And to their thousand blows deal one deathblow!*

*What though before us lies the open grave,
Like men we'll face the murderous, cowardly pack,*

Pressed to the wall, dying, but fighting back!

Berkeley, Calif.

MIRIAM ADAHAN

No Defense

Sir: Man! Did I love the review of the musical *Salvation* [Oct. 3]. If anything can bring this sloppy, incompetent non-art up short it will be ridicule. They are happy when they shock us, delirious when they infuriate us. But they have no defense when they bore us. So let's rid ourselves of this

arid plethora of nothingness before we die of boredom—ridicule them back to the mediocrity from which they sprang.

VIRGINIA PON FELLOWS

Flint, Mich.

Generation Gap

Sir: In your lukewarm article on America's supersonic transport [Oct. 3], you state dogmatically that "every previous generation of aircraft has been cheaper, safer and more comfortable than the one before, but the SST is only faster." Nonsense. Speed has been the overriding criterion for each new generation of aircraft. The 747s and the upcoming DC-10s and L-1011s are merely larger versions of the jet that came out ten years ago. The SST is, in fact, a new generation based on a substantial jump in speed, just as the jets represented a substantial jump over the pistons.

WAYNE W. PARRISH

Editor in Chief

Aviation Daily
Washington, D.C.

My Woild

Sir: Norman Teigle's "tough accent" is pure New Orleans and not diluted by Brooklynese, as your account suggests [Oct. 3]. He talked that way when I knew him as a student at Loyola University of the South. So do most natives of New Orleans whose speech is not affected by the patois of rural southwestern Louisiana. When I first taught high school boys in New Orleans in 1935, I too was struck by what I thought was a Canarse accent. The boys with the "tough accent" were mainly natives of the New Orleans "Irish Channel." As one of them recited to me after class: "They say in spring the bird is on the wing. My woild! How absoid! The wing is on the boild."

JOSEPH H. FICHTER

Stillman Professor

Harvard University Divinity School
Cambridge, Mass.

Q and A

Sir: As project manager on a construction job employing about 150 union construction workers, I can perhaps answer Assistant Labor Secretary Arthur Fletcher's question, "Why should a Negro who can be a college-trained engineer want to be a plumber?" (Sept. 26). He can make more money as a union plumber.

CECIL TRENT JR.

Engineer

Beaumont, Texas

Address Letters to TIME, TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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Can the generation gap be bridged?

Maybe. Maybe not. But you can negotiate over Ballantine's. The good taste of our Scotch is one thing six generations have agreed upon.



Ballantine's: what Scotch is all about.

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 55 PROOF. IMPORTED BY "21" BRANDS, INC., N.Y.C.

A whole new field of one.

For people who have come to think of new cars only in terms of stereotypes, two words of fair warning.

Monte Carlo.

More than a new car. It's a whole new field of one. The first truly luxurious personal car even us guys who work for a living can swing.

Keep that in mind as you read.

Then, if you must, try bracketing Monte Carlo with anything else.

Anything else on wheels at anywhere near the price.

Our apologies to chrome buffs.

Chap costume jewelry. The last thing found on a lady. Or a gentleman.

Or a Monte Carlo.

The lines are just too nice. The form is just too clean.

So excess chrome is out.

Excess anything is out.

Tinsel lovers, we know the anguish this must bring.

But be of good cheer.

We're sure somebody out there is building a car just for you.

Monte Carlo is simply an alternative. An uncluttered, unblinding alternative.

To brighten the lives of the purists.

About those two missing headlights.

No, they're not concealed. They just aren't there. For two reasons.

We wanted the Monte Carlo to be different looking.

And better looking.

The stylists felt Monte Carlo's personality demanded the clean look of single headlights.

Not to be outdone, the engineers went one up by devising a special high intensity unit.

The result? Monte Carlo's notably uncluttered front end. With a headlight

that throws more light, in high beam or low, than a majority of conventional singles do.

We redirect your attention to the picture.

Is everybody happy?

Welds can be beautiful.

There are two kinds of welds on the Monte Carlo. Thousands of body and frame welds.

And a special kind of surface weld.

The latter is called a lap joint. An expensive sheet metal weld which is filled with solder. Then filed down to a finish that defies detection by sight or touch.

The other welds are specifically engineered to soak up stresses.

And help prevent rattles.

We mention this so you'll know why Monte Carlo is so beautifully quiet.

And so quietly beautiful.

Like a library after hours.

With Monte Carlo, we did more to nullify noise than make all those welds. And position plump rubber biscuits at

critical body mount areas.

We made silence a science.

Every car ever made has its own peculiar acoustics. It has certain "holes" that admit sound. And certain noise paths that transmit and amplify that sound.

What we did was track them down.

Then dam them up with much more blanket and spray insulation than is customary on a car this size.

It all adds up to a Monte Carlo we can only describe as sailplane silent.

We knew where to stop.

An easy chair doesn't have to be obese to be comfortable.

Any more than a room has to be hung with gaudy gew-gaws to be luxurious.

Sit in Monte Carlo and see.

We made the seat cushions using the flat "S" springs found in fine furniture.

Then we devised special form-fitting foam cushioning for you to sit on and lean back into. And covered it all with rich new fabrics and vinyls.

Sidewalls and trim received the



Monte Carlo by Chevrolet

We made the so you wouldn't spend

same artful attention. But good artists know where to stop.

And stop we did.

Short of baubles and bangles.

Short of bombast.

Short of all the nonsense we felt would offend the gentleman.

And wound up with a masterpiece.

Let your comfort be your guide.

Carpathian burlled elm?

Please realize, we declared war on things superfluous.

Not things distinctive.

Witness, for example, Monte Carlo's instrument panel. Every new touch of convenience you'd expect.

With exceptional gauge/control accessibility.

But, to the panel itself.

It has the hand-rubbed oil look of one of the finer and rarer wood grains around. Carpathian burlled elm.

It's not the real thing. (Like an original Picasso, *that* would cost.)

But then, who's above taking pleasure from a faithful reproduction?

Especially when it won't rot, warp, chip, splinter.

Or feed termites.

Not just for turnpikes.

Most luxury cars have one thing in common: a very plush ride.

Which is always pleasant on those long boring straightaways.

And an indisputable comfort on all the nation's rougher roads.

But admittedly not much fun when you're challenged to "feel" a narrow twisting highway.

Herewith, a little enlightened thinking.

We put a stout tempered-steel coil spring at each wheel to soak up jolts and jars with the best of them.

However, each coil is selected by computer to correspond with the exact body and equipment weight of every Monte Carlo.

The end product is a suspension that isn't too harsh. Or too cushy.

So you glide comfortably down bumpy roads and turnpikes.

Without giving up that taut, controlled feeling at corners and curves.

You don't feel like a fifth wheel.

Monte Carlo's concept as it differs from other luxurious personal cars is really quite simple.

To involve you as a driver.

We figure if you like to drive, the last thing you want is a car that cuts off all sensation of the road.

We think you want a comfortable car that hasn't compromised its own maneuverability.

So we squeezed Monte Carlo's wheelbase down to a tidy 116 inches.

And stretched out the front track to a little over five feet.

And held its height down under a yard and a half.

A physicist could tell you in complicated terms what all this does for Monte Carlo's impressive handling.

But maybe you'd prefer finding out firsthand by wig-wagging Monte Carlo down a busy side street.

Or some snaky mountain highway.

Engines: 350 cubic inches and up.

Where a car like Monte Carlo might try to shortchange you is in the engine compartment.

Not Monte Carlo.

Inside rests a regular gas V8 to the tune of 350 cubic inches.

That translates into a crisp 250 hp.

Which is plenty for most anybody.

But you may not be most anybody.

So go ahead, order one of these:

A 300-hp 350.

A 265-hp 400.

A 330-hp 400.

Or the house specialty, the 360-hp

454 in our SS package.

Whatever you need.

Whatever turns you on.



What's available? What isn't.

Perhaps we should restate the case.

There are a few things you'd think would be available, but aren't.

Mainly because they're standards.

Things like power disc brakes and fiberglass-belted tires.

Also refreshing Astro Ventilation and our anti-theft steering column lock, to mention others.

What is available is virtually the full list of Chevrolet options, with the addition of some new ones.

For instance there's a clean little stereo tape/radio package that accepts tape cartridges through an ingenious flip-up radio dial. (Saves space and keeps the clutter down.)

And there's a new power mechanism that automatically disengages the seat back latch when the door is opened.

And lots, lots more.

The Monte Carlo SS.

The heading above says it all.

454 cubic inches of tough stuff.

That translates into 7.5 litres.

And 360 horses.

Naturally, along with it come special chassis components and SS identification.

Plus the smug satisfaction of knowing you've got it all in a car that doesn't flaunt it.

A whole new field of one.

All at a Chevrolet price. What more can we say?

Putting you first, keeps us first.

On the move.

picture small all your time just looking.



It sounds a lot better than it looks.

Anyone can make a stereo beautiful. All you need are great furniture designers, expert cabinetmakers and the finest woods.

But there's more to beautiful stereo than meets the eye. After all, it's what you hear that really counts.

And what you hear depends on what goes inside.

Like our new FM tuner that pulls in the weakest stations clearly, switches automatically

from monaural to stereo when you switch stations, and contains the easiest slide and push-button controls.

And our new amplifier that gives you a full 200 watts of EIA rated power so you don't lose any high or low sound levels.

And our air suspension speakers with wide-angle sound so you don't have to sit in one spot to get the full stereo effect.

And the Garrard SL95 auto-

matic turntable with the Pickering magnetic cartridge for smooth, distortion-free sound.

We put these good things in because a great stereo should sound a lot better than it looks.

And even though you can't see it, it's nice to know that the stuff inside is even more beautiful than the package.

SYLVANIA
GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

Home sweet pain-in-the-neck.

Happy new house. Right off the bat, you can keep lots of little things from going wrong in it. But what if something happens to you, would your family be able to keep the house?

That's why you could use a Family Security Check-Up.

It's the best way we know to keep you on top of the big events in your life.

You tell a Metropolitan agent what you've gotten out of life so far. And what you expect to get. He'll feed the facts into our computer. And present you with a choice of tailor-made insurance plans. Then he'll help you pick the one that's right for your family.



And the pressure's off for a while. Until you get a bigger house. Or a major increase in your income. Then it'll be time to see us for a Metropolitan Family Security Check-Up again.

In the meantime, good luck in your new house.



Metropolitan Life

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Oct. 17, 1969 Vol. 94, No. 16

THE NATION

STRIKE AGAINST THE WAR

MORATORIUM" was scarcely a household word a couple of months ago. The dictionary definition is "a period of permissive or obligatory delay," and to most people it meant a pause in paying one's debts or in talking. Now, suddenly, "moratorium" has become the focus of national attention in its special 1969 sense: M-day, Oct. 15, a movement intended by its organizers and supporters to show the Nixon Administration that large and growing numbers of Americans want out of the Viet Nam war as fast as possible.

Across the nation, M-day observances are aimed at suspending business-as-usual in order to allow protest, debate and thought about the war. The Moratorium demonstrates a diversity and spread unknown in the earlier landmark protests against the war: the march on the Pentagon in October 1967, which inspired Norman Mailer's *The Armies of the Night*, and the bloody riots the following summer in Mayor Daley's Chicago. Each of those involved directly only a minority of the young and the radical intelligentsia, not anything resembling a cross-section of U.S. society.

M-day is different. In Brunswick, Me., 1,000 candles were to be left burning atop the Senior Center, the tallest building in northern New England. In Washington, 16 Representatives announced that they would keep the House in all-night session in order to speak against the war. In North Newton, Kans., an antique bell long disused was to be tolled some 40,000 times for the U.S. dead in Viet Nam. In the conservative city of Los Alamos, N. Mex., housewives agreed to block a bridge leading to local defense plants while carrying signs: **HELP STOP THE WAR**. Students from Gonzaga University and Whitworth College organized a march to the federal building in Spokane, Wash., where they would wear white armbands speckled with blood.

Letting Nixon Know

Small-town housewives and Wall Street lawyers, college presidents and politicians, veteran demonstrators and people who have never made the "V" sign of the peace movement—thousands of Americans who have never thought to grow a beard, don a hippie headband or burn a draft card—planned to turn out on M-day to register their dismay and frustration over Viet Nam. Yes-

terday's Vietnams are determined to grow into tomorrow's majority.

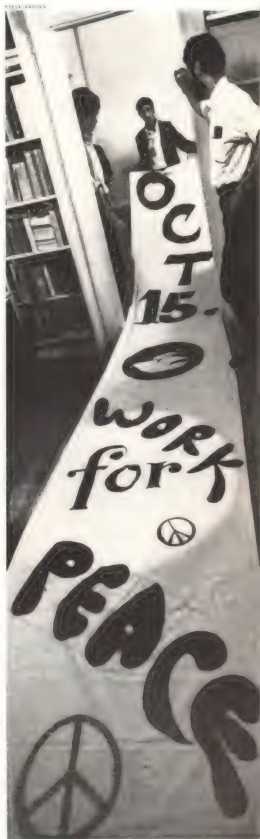
The core of M-day activism is on the campuses, as it was in the campaign for Eugene McCarthy in 1968: hundreds of colleges and universities are closing for the day or radically altering schedules to allow for Moratorium demonstrations. The idea has spread from the campuses to the community at large—though not without arousing resistance. In the affluent suburb of Westport, Conn., the representative town meeting bitterly debated for nearly three hours last week and then only narrowly passed, 17 to 15, a resolution asking immediate action to get the U.S. out of Viet Nam. In California's San Joaquin Valley, the Porterville police chief denied local residents permission to march down the customary Main Street route on their peace parade this week; the city council backed him up, and the protesters had to settle for a route around the edge of town.

No Allegiance to Mao

What did support for the Moratorium mean? Did it mean backing unconditional withdrawal from Viet Nam? Many of the Moratorium's supporters favored it, but many more did not. Almost certainly the majority of the nation as a whole was not prepared for that step at present.

Within the diversity of M-day protest was one unifying factor: exhaustion of patience with the war, doubt about the pace of Richard Nixon's efforts to end it. Some participants had specific ideas on how to end the war. A five-point proposal came last week from Yale's President Kingman Brewster Jr. and New Haven Mayor Richard Lee, who jointly called for an immediate cease-fire followed within twelve months by withdrawal of all U.S. forces; elections supervised by "a coalition body" dominated by neither side; aid to any South Vietnamese wishing to leave his country; and U.S. economic assistance for rebuilding Viet Nam.

Other protesters, however, were merely obeying their emotions, without any concrete idea of what they wanted the U.S. to do. They would agree with Mrs. Eleanor Bockman, a middle-aged Atlanta housewife: "I think people are thoroughly tired of the war. I think that some middle-class whites are just beginning to realize the depth of poverty in this country. Older people see the



BOSTON MORATORIUM HEADQUARTERS

emptiness, the burden of the war. Younger people see it as a great waste of talent and life. Everybody knows that there is no answer now to the Viet Nam war, but we've got to let Nixon know."

The M-day movement has been getting bigger partly because its leaders—who happily confessed that the Moratorium had begun to run them, not they the Moratorium—cast as wide a net as possible. They appealed to almost anyone unhappy with the war, shunning extremists and avoiding ideological factionalism. The absence of New Left infighting and cant was refreshing. One Columbia student confessed: "It will be nice to go to a demonstration without having to swear allegiance to Chairman Mao."

An Element of Coercion

One large segment of M-day support comes from those who worked for McCarthy or Robert Kennedy last year because of their opposition to the war. But there were significant differences. For one thing, Lyndon Johnson's downfall showed once again how an entrenched President could be defeated over a deeply emotional issue. For another, Richard Nixon's own obvious determination to end the war, regardless of his timetable, had made opposition to the war far more respectable. To many people, the argument is no longer really over victory or defeat, patriotism or dishonor, but rather over when the U.S. withdraws and what concessions, if any, it can get in return. Timing, of course, could make a major difference to the U.S.'s future position in Asia—but it is not a difference for which many people are eager to sacrifice lives or money.

Democratic Congressman Allard Lowenstein of New York, a leader of last year's dump-Johnson movement and this year's M-day program, puts his case starkly: "This government, God willing, will respond to the wishes of the people, not to a tiny blackmailing minority that is trying to extort something, but to the massive wishes of people who have a right to express their views." Yet there is

an inevitable element of coercion. The protest's sponsors plan monthly moratoriums, with each round to be a day longer than the previous one. If that plan works—a doubtful proposition—its impact could be immense.

Once again it was the "children's crusade" that led the way: it was the students who spread the M-day idea. But the original Moratorium concept came in fact from Jerome Grossman, 52, a Massachusetts envelope manufacturer long active in the peace movement. He talked the idea over with Sam Brown Jr., 26, an Iowan and former Harvard Divinity School student whom he knew from the McCarthy campaign. Brown persuaded Grossman that the businessman's first idea—a general strike on the traditional European model that would seek to stop the wheels of commerce entirely—was probably too audacious to succeed. Brown's instinct was that a quiet day of discussion and debate carried beyond the campus might well catch on.

The Viet Nam Moratorium Committee was organized by them late in the spring, but the plan was deliberately held back. Early in June, Nixon ordered the first withdrawal of 25,000 troops from Viet Nam and promised more, a step that bought him time with many of the nation's more moderate critics of the war. Later, Brown put off the Moratorium, from September to October, for two tactical reasons: he wanted the peace movement's student nucleus back on campus, and he wanted more time for discontent to develop over the cautious pace of Nixon's moves. "It's been critical to wait nine months for Nixon to do something," says Grossman.

The techniques of the M-day organization are the same as those of the New Politics of 1968: to speak with a moderate yet deeply committed voice, to work through zealous grass-roots volunteers (armed with lists of sympathizers from last year's campaigns), to force the issue of the war to the forefront of American consciousness through a mixture of informal discussion and dramatic



DEFENSE SECRETARY LAIRD

One effort to defuse after another.

gesture. Many of the leaders of the Moratorium Committee were among the McCarthy and R.F.K. braintrusts: Brown; Adam Walinsky, 32, one of Kennedy's most insistently antiwar aides; and Congressman Lowenstein, 40.

In the cluttered national headquarters on Washington's Vermont Avenue, there is the cheerful, youthful bustle reminiscent of the "Clean for Gene" New Hampshire primary campaign. One wall bears a placard: "When we lasted long enough, they gave us medals. When we died, they said our casualties were low." Telephones ring constantly as volunteers sort out and fill requests for M-day speakers. Their dedication is awesome. Supporters at Yale, for example, planned to spend the first two days this week telephoning everyone in the 380-page New Haven directory urging attendance at a mass rally.

A Matter of Fashion

As the Moratorium idea mushroomed, some politicians hustled to get on the bandwagon and others less sympathetic found themselves hesitating to criticize the burgeoning movement. Businessmen and school boards wrestled with the problem of whether to close for the day, feeling that to shut down would be unfair to workers and students who support the war or do not wish to participate in M-day. The question was: Should institutions themselves take a stand?

Seymour Martin Lipset, a Harvard professor and a foe of the war, thought not. "He put his case with vigor: 'As much as I want us to do everything as individuals, as members of the Harvard faculty and citizens of this country to point out to our Government how much



JOHN LAIRD & WIFE IN EAU CLAIRE, WIS.

To speak with a moderate, deeply committed voice.

* Cambridge legend has it that the last time the Harvard faculty officially passed a collective political judgment was in 1773, when they agreed to stop drinking tea in protest against George III's tax. While no one at last week's faculty meeting spoke in favor of the war, record numbers of faculty turned out to debate the propriety of taking a formal stand against it. The vote to condemn the war was affirmative, 255 to 81, with 150 abstentions.

we detest the war and what we want done about it, I cannot bring myself to feel that we should turn on what has been a basic aspect of academic freedom and political liberty—that universities qua universities do not take political stands." On many campuses, support for the Moratorium became a matter of fashion and conformity; opposition to it could only invite scorn.

The momentum of dissent was clearly building. In June, just after the Midway troop-withdrawal announcement, Nixon's handling of the war was narrowly approved in a Louis Harris sampling, 47% to 45%. In mid-September, it was rejected in a Harris poll, 57% to 35%. Six Viet Nam experts at Santa Monica's Rand Corp., which started as an Air Force-financed research facility and still depends heavily on Pentagon contracts, wrote the New York Times last week to demand unilateral withdrawal by the U.S. (but four of their colleagues, equally expert, disagreed in a letter to the Washington Post). Making common cause with their students, the presidents of 79 U.S. colleges and universities signed a joint statement calling for an accelerated U.S. pull-out from Viet Nam. M-day has ecumenical support among religious leaders: Boston's Richard Cardinal Cushing endorsed the Moratorium; so have the Rev. Eugene Carson Blake, general secretary of the World Council of Churches, and Rabbi Jacob Rudin, president of the Synagogue Council of America.

The Johnson Parallel

Nixon was getting flak closer to home as well, from 17 Senators and 47 Representatives who announced support for M-day. A raft of critical resolutions surfaced on Capitol Hill, showing defiance of Senate Minority Leader Hugh Scott's plea for a moratorium of his own—a 60-day pause in attacks on Nixon's war policies. Two freshman Democratic Senators, Iowa's Harold Hughes and Missouri's Thomas Eagleton, demanded extensive reform of the Saigon government—within 60 days. Idaho's Frank Church and Oregon's Mark Hatfield asked for "a more rapid withdrawal of American troops"; George McGovern wanted an immediate pull-out. On the House side, a vague resolution in support of eventual disengagement drew 109 cosponsors. But liberal Republicans Donald Riegle Jr. of Michigan and Paul McCloskey Jr. of California produced something stronger: a proposal to repeal, effective at the end of 1970, the 1964 Tonkin Gulf resolution under which President Johnson proceeded to bomb North Viet Nam and build the U.S. troop level in South Viet Nam past the half-million mark. None of the flat antiwar resolutions have a chance of passing, but their sponsors obviously feel that the measures are what their constituents want.

Nixon's first reaction to the M-day plans was disdainful. At a press conference Sept. 26, he said of the Mor-

atorium: "Under no circumstances will I be affected whatever by it." That was a serious mistake: he outraged many who might otherwise have sat on their hands. "It is now a challenge to show this Administration the outpouring of voter protest," declared Eugene Weisberg, a Denver industrialist and lifelong Republican. Reports Harold Wilens, Western-states chairman of the Business Executives Move for Viet Nam Peace. "In the last two weeks, businessmen are suddenly ready to give money, and to do whatever they can. Somehow, deep down, Americans are beginning to realize that Richard Nixon is Lyndon Johnson." Nixon is not,

simultaneously, Republican National Chairman Rogers C.B. Morton was calling the Moratorium "a good thing," provided that it remained nonviolent.

One Administration effort to defuse M-day succeeded another. Defense Secretary Melvin Laird confirmed publicly what had already been reported (TIME, July 25): that U.S. commanders in Viet Nam no longer have orders to keep up "maximum pressure" on the enemy. He also announced that "Vietnamization" of the war was proceeding at full speed. In a poignant parallel, Laird's son John, 21, declared that he would march on M-day with his fellow students at Eau Claire State University in Wisconsin.



NIXON & HUMPHREY AT THE WHITE HOUSE
Will today's Vietnicks become tomorrow's majority?

of course, but some of his critics feel that Nixon's apparent disregard for public feeling on Viet Nam may come to parallel Johnson's own.

In spite of Nixon's disdainful public view of M-day, there were clear signs of dismay and confusion around the White House and among those who believe that any President deserves support in pursuing his foreign policy. Dean Acheson, no stranger to criticism of his own foreign policy when he was Harry Truman's Secretary of State, weighed in with the observation that open season on Presidents should be limited to "the quadrennial donnybrook," an Achesonism for presidential elections. Henry Kissinger, the President's chief foreign affairs strategist, told a group of visiting Quakers that the Moratorium is "counterproductive" because it comes at a time when the North Vietnamese are shaping their post-Ho policies. Vice President Spiro Agnew discreetly withdrew from an Oct. 15 New Jersey political dinner to avoid becoming a target for protesters. The Vice President denounced M-day as "absurd." Almost

Said John: "I think everybody should be against the war. It's gotten a little out of hand."

The White House let it be known that Nixon was conferring on Viet Nam with Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker, Joint Chiefs Chairman Earle Wheeler and Laird, and had summoned Henry Cabot Lodge, chief U.S. negotiator at the Paris talks, home for consultations this week (see story, page 23). Lieut. General Lewis Hershey, 76, head of Selective Service for 28 years and a symbol of the draft's caprices and inequities, suddenly found himself relieved of his post and shunted into a job as a presidential manpower consultant, effective next February.* Professor Hubert Humphrey of the University of Minnesota showed up at the White House to endorse Nixon's efforts to find peace in Viet Nam. Humphrey planned to hold classes on M-day, but

* Only three days before, a bomb shattered windows and dislodged masonry in New York City's major arm-forces induction center at 39 Whitehall Street. There were no injuries.

planned to lead his students in a discussion of the war. "The American people are not going to be hushed," he said, alluding to Hugh Scott's brand of moratorium.

Just how much effect the efforts to defuse dissent would ultimately have remained to be seen. Certainly there were still vast numbers of Americans who supported the President's policy and who were prepared either to ignore or to oppose the Moratorium.

Unsigned Flyers

With a conformity on the issue as tight as that of the Harvard faculty, A.F.L.-C.I.O. delegates in Atlantic City last week voted 999 to 1 to back Nixon on Viet Nam. A Young Americans for Freedom leader in Honolulu went to court last week to seek an order compelling the University of Hawaii to show cause why it should not remain open on M-day; a group called Undergraduates for a Stable America took ads in the *Daily Princetonian* urging students to attend classes during the Moratorium. Faculty members at Wheaton College in Norton, Mass., found unsigned flyers in their mailboxes demanding: "Defend the aims of your college; support your Government's efforts for a just peace; hold and attend classes Oct. 15."

Stanley Buturlia, 48, a North Andover, Mass., machine-shop supervisor who has a son in Viet Nam, has his own reasons for opposing M-day. "If World War II had the television coverage that this war is getting," he argues, "the boys wouldn't have wanted to go. We can't pull out. There's too much involved. Leave the war the way it is. Keep the Communists thinking. Maybe it won't hurt us or my kid's generation; but if we pull out, it would hurt my kid's kids." Less reasonably, Chairman Richard Ichord of the House Internal Security Committee damned the Moratorium as "a propaganda ma-

neuver designed and organized by Communists." (Law-enforcement officers say that the M-day movement is remarkably free from any such influences.)

The main support for the Moratorium came from the Northeast and the West Coast, where antiwar feeling has always been strongest. But plenty of action was in train in the South and Midwest as well, in small towns and at obscure colleges that have never seen a peace demonstration before.

In Washington, congressional staff members planned a noontime vigil on the Capitol steps; employees of more than 20 federal agencies planned ceremonies at their offices. Senator Frank Church of Idaho was scheduled to address a Peace Corps rally. Senator George McGovern of South Dakota to appear at an American University teach-in. Mrs. Martin Luther King Jr. planned to lead a candlelight procession from the Washington Monument to the White House gates.

More than 150 years ago, the Hartford Convention proposed returning defense responsibilities to the separate states in protest against the War of 1812: New England is now in the vanguard of M-day. Boston lawyers decided to meet in historic Faneuil Hall, and then stand by, wearing green arm bands, to provide on-the-spot legal assistance if needed at an afternoon rally on Boston Common. Republican Governor Francis Sargent, who says of Viet Nam that "the want-to-get-out sentiment has grown rapidly," was to address a peace rally on the town green in suburban Lexington, where the first shot of the Revolutionary War was fired.

Maine's Democratic Governor Kenneth Curtis backed the Moratorium, and senses among down-Easters "a more dovish position than existed before." Hampshiremen, by dialing 603 271-3535, could hear a tape of their Republican Governor, Walter Peterson, advising that "Oct. 15 can be a day of mature re-

flection on the proper leadership goals of a great nation." Vermonters were in for a bipartisan treat. Democratic ex-Governor Philip Hoff, an early McCarthy backer, and conservative Republican Lieutenant Governor Thomas Hayes agreed to speak at a rally—in the Bennington National Guard Armory. Following that: a candlelight march to the obelisk that commemorates the Battle of Bennington in 1777.

In New York, Senator McCarthy was due at a rally behind the public library; in an extraordinary gesture, Mayor John Lindsay, running desperately for re-election, ordered all city flags flown at half-staff beginning at noon. At Wall Street's Trinity Church, the names of war dead were to be read by a large cast of unusual protesters, including Publisher Bill Moyers; once I.B.J.'s press secretary; Lawyer Roswell Gilpatrick, Deputy Secretary of Defense under Robert McNamara; and Banker J. Sinclair Armstrong, an Assistant Secretary of the Navy in the Eisenhower Administration. Children in the New York City public schools were allowed to stay home if they chose to take part in the Moratorium. In certain cases, the protest movement assumed ludicrous proportions: the West Side Montessori nursery school in Manhattan announced that it would close for the day to join the protest.

Better Than a Riot

On the West Coast, near Los Angeles, the mayor and city council of middle-income Thousand Oaks unanimously declared Oct. 15 to be "a day of community effort for peace"; the University of Southern California, long one of the most protest-proof of universities, has taken the lead in the area's M-day movement; Harry Evans, a Western-region official of the United Automobile Workers, insists that "my contacts with

continued on page 22



BOMB-DAMAGED INDUCTION CENTER IN MANHATTAN

Exhaustion of patience is the one unifying factor.



HERSHEY



VANDERBILT'S LIPSCOMB



RICE'S GROB



BERKELEY'S CHINOWSKY



HARVARD'S GRAHAM

Four Faces of Protest

THE organizers of M-day have tried to make it a national event and have succeeded in drawing many prominent figures into the observance. Still, the demonstration's momentum has relied heavily on local campus leaders with diverse views and backgrounds. Four case studies:

The Harvard Business School is a conservative campus enclave where students still wear three-piece suits. There, Graduate Student Daniel Graham, 25, keeps a green beret in his desk as a reminder of his Viet Nam service as a Special Forces lieutenant—service that won him a Bronze Star. At his home in Atlanta, he has a photo of a Viet Cong he killed in face-to-face combat. Explains Graham: "I didn't want to die. I figured the best way not to was to become a good soldier. I also went to Viet Nam with the best intentions of doing whatever I had to do for my country."

Yet, Graham is an enthusiastic supporter of M-day. "Now I feel guilty for going over there," he says. "I feel ashamed." Solemn and soft-spoken, Graham traces his transformation to his experiences with South Vietnamese soldiers. For a time, he was in charge of ensuring that each of some 400 of them was properly paid; before that, the payroll had been given directly to a Vietnamese lieutenant and some of it seemed to go astray. He says Vietnamese officers often upbraided him in front of the troops he was advising. Some were so hostile that he became "more afraid of the South Vietnamese than of the North Vietnamese." With three comrades, Graham once killed three Viet Cong in 15 minutes on an infiltration trail that a South Vietnamese officer had refused to explore. "You Americans are always in a hurry," the ARVN leader later complained to Graham. "I intend to be an officer for 33 years."

Whether Graham's experience was typical or his conclusions fair, he is not alone in his bitterness. "There was something wrong with the whole thing," he argues. "It has screwed me up so bad and screwed the whole country up." He now wants the U.S. to pull out "as soon as we can." Why? To win the war, he estimates, the U.S. would have

to be willing to lose more than 300 of its soldiers a week for years. "I don't think it's worth killing American boys on the pretense of helping those crumbly bastards."

Mass protest has been neither frequent nor popular at Rice University in conservative Houston. The fact that the Rice campus is involved in M-day action results from the work of English Professor Alan Grob, 37, a scholar in Romance literature and one of the university's outstanding teachers. Grob has helped muster the majority of the Rice faculty behind the demonstration. He thinks that the observance will convince the public that opposition to the war "is not a radical movement or a splinter movement but goes across all spectrums of political thought on campus."

Although he has opposed the war from its beginning, and said so in public debates when that position was unpopular in Texas, Grob is no radical. He campaigned for Lyndon Johnson in 1964 on the assumption that L.B.J. would avoid enlarging U.S. participation in the conflict. "I was," he observes, "quite disappointed." Grob had served as a Navy officer in the Korean War and supported general U.S. aims in Southeast Asia. But he was appalled when Viet Nam became "an even deeper morass than Korea."

Grob hopes that Moratorium Day will force the Administration "to choose whether it will remain totally indifferent to the national will. Nixon must be willing to submit to a certain amount of political embarrassment in the service of the national interest." Because he believes that Nixon is "frozen into his present policy postures, including the pursuit of an abstraction like national honor," Grob is not optimistic.

Berkeley is almost synonymous with student protest in the U.S., but Physics Professor William Chinowsky has never been an active sympathizer. A staff member of the university's Lawrence Radiation Laboratories, which has performed much weapons research, Chinowsky is a moderate who professes to advocate rational views toward all issues. Yet he now credits students with creating the ferment that has pressured

even aloof scientists to take stands on political issues, including the war.

Chinowsky hopes that his efforts as a campus organizer for M-day will "help create an atmosphere in which we can all—together—examine the problem and discuss the various alternatives. We simply must get the American people to begin thinking rationally about Viet Nam." Chinowsky, 40, an outgoing man with a magnetic grin, is something of an optimist. "I do not see any evidence that Nixon has any idea of what he will do about Viet Nam," he concedes. "But I do think he will respond when it becomes clear that the will of the people is to end the war." Chinowsky's own analysis is that the U.S. "has more than satisfied its commitments" in Viet Nam and now, by its presence, is actually "preventing the Vietnamese from building their own political culture and leadership. It is time that we realize that our commitment is now to our own people."

In a noncombative way, Nashville's Vanderbilt University is divided on the merits of M-day. One campus newspaper supports it, another opposes it. Yet the schedule included a chapel service on Monday, a rally, an open forum in the law library, and a reading of the roll of Tennessee's war dead. Typical of those who planned the activities is Senior Joseph Lipscomb, 21, a math major, who comes from the farming community of Hartsville, Tenn. (pop. 2,000). Engaging in his first protest action, he draws a firm line on the limits of dissent. "I would never burn my draft card," he explains. "That would be illegal."

Lipscomb sympathizes with President Nixon's predicament. "I feel he is sincerely trying to end the war, and I don't blame him for the situation. He largely inherited it." But Lipscomb was willing to join the M-day protest for starkly simple reasons that echo around many campuses and communities. "Bringing a few troops home is only a numbers game to appease college students," he contends. "But they can't be appeased. We will settle for nothing but an end. We are on a course of unilateral withdrawal and it must be speeded up. It is a bad war and we have to get out. Too many lives are being lost."

the workers in our union convince me that the majority of workmen today want us to get the hell out of Viet Nam." Six months ago, he admits, that was not so. Now, "some think there has been just too much killing and they want it stopped," he says. "Others have kids that will be eligible for the draft pretty soon."

The biggest Los Angeles rally was planned for U.S.C. with Black Leader Ralph Abernathy, the U.A.W.'s Paul Schrade and Senator Alan Cranston as speakers. Women Strike for Peace organized a vigil at the veterans' cemetery in West Los Angeles. At suburban Whittier College, Richard Nixon's alma mater, there were to be no classes during the M-day campus rally. A Canoga Park housewife, Mrs. Diane Steffin, finds M-day a happy outlet for the antiwar feelings she has had since 1965. "Until now," she says, "there didn't seem to be any way short of going to college and joining in a riot." In Northern California, Berkeley emerged as the biggest center of protest; however, groups other than the familiar hot-eyed types long associated with campus unrest became involved this time. An organiza-

tion (home) and chairman of Chicago's chapter of the Business Executives Move for Viet Nam Peace, encouraged employees to take part in M-day; his group planned a silent hour-long vigil of executives, heads bowed, at Chicago's civic center. Girls from Barat College of the Sacred Heart, a small Catholic school, agreed to pass out antiwar leaflets on Chicago commuter trains.

Crumbling Promise

The often bellicose South was shifting—not to outright opposition, but to a growing feeling of frustration. Henry Bass, who used to head the Atlanta Workshop in Nonviolence, found "a new element" among today's Southern critics of the war. "People who had faith in Nixon, who thought he might be able to end the war in six months, are waiting and wondering," he said. "There is no hope for peace in 1969 or 1970, and the thought of the war not ending until 1971 is just more than people can take." Miami Beach Banker Jack Gor-

dulging in their patriotic, onanistic impulses. There isn't one of them who knows anything about *Realpolitik*."

To practitioners of *Realpolitik* in the Nixon Administration, the peace movement is just as infuriating, if for different reasons. They bear the enormous responsibility of liquidating an increasingly obvious mistake not of their making; they must be concerned about the consequences of a U.S. withdrawal from Viet Nam elsewhere in Asia and throughout the world; they must remember the fact that the U.S. has global responsibilities that cannot be torn up like a draft card. To Richard Nixon, the M-day protest must seem especially unfair. He has tried hard to settle the war, and he worked out a plan of de-escalation that earlier—say, in the last phase of the Johnson Administration—would have satisfied many war critics. He has at least succeeded in scaling down the war. Some troops have been withdrawn, the draft has been reduced and casualties have been drastically cut. Last week's report was of 64 U.S. dead, the lowest number in nearly three years. He has tried to stir Hanoi and the "provisional revolution-



SAM BROWN JR

Once again, children lead the way.



tional meeting last week on campus turned out a preponderance of "dormies" and "Greeks" not normally on the side of activism. Late last month the Berkeley city council, usually bitterly opposed to student-led causes, voted 5 to 1 to back M-day in principle.

Antiwar sentiment was not nearly so pronounced in the Midwest. In Chicago, TIME Correspondent Sam Iker stopped 16 people at random in the street, and discovered that just two had some idea of what the Moratorium was about. The only Chicago businesses that planned to close were nine art galleries. One reason for this heartland attitude may be last week's disruptive outbursts in Chicago by the extremist "Weatherman" faction of the S.D.S. (see story, page 24), which led to head-busting that in the Midwest eclipsed publicity for the nonviolent M-day protest. Still, even here, support for the Moratorium seemed to be shaping up with more force than there had been any reason to expect. Gordon Sherman, head of Midas-International (auto parts and mo-

tion argued that M-day "may be the last opportunity that business and professional people will have to voice a protest against the war." If the Moratorium is unsuccessful, he felt, the young and militant will turn to violent uprisings that will rouse middle-class revulsion.

In Houston, businessmen have been especially active in stirring pro-peace feelings and, like many others, Lawyer Bill Ballew gave the kids the credit. "Many parents have been won over by the dialogue with their collegiate children who supported McCarthy," he said. "For many, it finally dawned on them that we couldn't win. The promise of victory crumbled."

Obviously a great deal of the Moratorium agitation was emotional, even sentimental, and amateurish. Partly for those reasons, it was violently attacked by some radicals who reject the strategy of nonviolent effort within the established U.S. system. Myron Mather, Harvard senior and S.D.S. activist, dismissed the protest as irrelevant. "All these McCarthy jackasses will just be in-

ary government" into active negotiations at Paris, only to find no break in the stone wall of Communist intransigence.

Yet the disenchantment that M-day incarnates is a political reality, and it is partly of his own making. He campaigned on the promise that he had a plan to end the war, a promise that contributed to his narrow victory. Once it became clear that under the inevitable ground rules the U.S. was incapable of winning a military victory in Viet Nam—a fact that Nixon has admitted—the North in effect lost all incentive to go for a compromise. Thus, Nixon now seems to have raised false hopes, and this week's Moratorium may be only the beginning of the price he must pay for doing so. The specific impact of the Moratorium will not be known for some time, but plainly Nixon cannot escape the effects of the antiwar movement. Unless he can assert new leadership and rally much of the nation in some unforeseen way, Nixon's timetable for a withdrawal from Viet Nam will surely have to be speeded up.

THE WAR

Fatigue in Paris

A weary Henry Cabot Lodge received his first cheering news in many days last week: President Nixon called him home from the Paris peace talks for a new round of consultations in Washington. That, at least, enables Lodge to escape for a few days from the dispiriting sense of tedium and pessimism that envelops the talks and the American delegation. Lodge would like to return permanently if he could do so without embarrassing Nixon. As the 37th session of repetitious dialogue ended on the same note of stalemate in the Hotel Majestic, one thing was plain: Lodge, 67, longs to retire from public service.

Absent Deputy. While the entire U.S. delegation maintains a pose of patience and persistence, the dreariness of it all is having a demoralizing effect. The No. 2 negotiator, New York Attorney Lawrence E. Walsh, 57, has not even taken part in the talks since June. Although on call if needed in Paris, he has spent much of his time attending to private business and American Bar Association affairs back home. The only genuine smile among the Americans seemed to belong to the always ebullient Harold Kaplan, the chief press officer. After years of graciously answering reporters' post-midnight queries in both Saigon and Paris, Kaplan, 51, is retiring from government service early. He will become an officer of Investors Overseas Service, a mutual fund and investment complex based in Geneva.

Washington's feeling that the strength of the U.S. negotiating team is a matter of no great moment seemed to be reflected in the announcement that Kaplan will not be replaced by a senior foreign-service officer "for the foreseeable future." The steadiest hand in the delegation thus remains that of the No. 3 negotiator, Philip Charles Habib, 49, a career diplomat from Brooklyn who has been with the talks since they started. He bridges the shift from Averell Harriman to Lodge as head of the delegation and seems to have the right temperament for staying with the dull proceedings. "I am a bureaucrat," he says without apology. "I am supposed to implement directives."

Elusive Signal. Such an attitude doubtless helps to preserve a man's balance amidst the futility. As viewed from Paris, the talks now promise little progress for the next 12 or 13 months. Hanoi, this theory goes, will be content to do nothing until it sees how many more troops Nixon withdraws, how the South Vietnamese fare in replacing American forces, how much more anti-war sentiment develops in the U.S. The Communists may even be willing to await the outcome of next fall's congressional election. If that estimate proves correct, it will mean that the Nixon Administration has made a miscalculation. Its policy so far has been predicated on the assumption that conciliatory steps by the U.S. would



LODGE
A pose of patience.

induce concessions by the Communists. "Sure the Paris talks may be a drag," concedes one senior official in Washington. "But everyone seems to agree that they must be kept going." The most optimistic view of the negotiations is that, however unproductive they have been so far, they still give each side a chance to gauge the intent of the other and to search for the elusive signal that could point the way toward peace.

THE PRESIDENCY

Polite Indictment

In the first months of his Administration, Richard Nixon was understandably reluctant to engage the Democratic Congress in dispute. His priorities were Viet Nam and inflation; he wanted no damaging distractions. The President's main goals are unchanged today, but his political position has altered. His Administration is under attack on several issues and he stands accused of nonleadership. His relations with Congress having already deteriorated, Nixon has nothing to lose by going on the offensive. This week he lodged a polite but unmistakable indictment of the Democrats. He sought to show that they, rather than the Administration, are responsible for the year's slim legislative pickings.

The nine-page message to Congress was deftly drafted to carry political punch without obvious polemics; it managed to declare war while appealing for peace. "Let us resolve," Nixon said, "to make the legislative issue of the 1970 campaign the question of who de-

serves greater credit for the 91st Congress' record of accomplishment, not which of us should be held accountable because it did nothing."

Having said that, Nixon catalogued 18 important programs that he has put to Capitol Hill, including reform of the welfare system, sharing of federal revenue with the states and cities, overhaul of the draft and the Post Office, and tax revision. Congress, to be sure, has been slow to act on Nixon's recommendations—or to do anything else for that matter. But the Administration has been late in developing its program and rarely energetic in promoting it. What Nixon wanted on the record were his large and good intentions: "We intend to begin a decade of government reform such as this nation has not witnessed in half a century."

Basic Tactic. The message is unlikely to have much effect on the course of legislation. It would be astonishing if the White House really expected that it would. Rather, it sets the basic Republican tactic as politicians begin thinking about next year's congressional elections: the G.O.P. must stop its internal bickering and concentrate on the real enemy, the do-nothing Democrats who control Congress.

Mike Mansfield, the Senate Democratic leader, did not hesitate to respond. "We won't let pettiness hold us back," he said in as testy a voice as he ever uses. "That would be a poor way to run a railroad. We don't intend to be vindictive." At the same time, Mansfield reminded Nixon: "We have the votes. We'd like to cooperate, but we don't intend to be pushed around."

Ironically, the question of whether the Administration or the Democratic leadership is holding up domestic legislation is unlikely to be the big issue next year. Solid progress toward ending the war and curbing inflation would be the strongest possible talking points for Republicans. Failure to cope successfully with these afflictions would probably overshadow everything else.

THE SENATE

Over the Cliff

Richard Nixon's aides were cultivating a long-range historical view of the Supreme Court last week. After all, they said in quiet self-commiseration, the Senate quarreled for four months in 1916 before confirming Louis Brandeis' nomination—and whatever the cavils raised at the time, Brandeis went on to a long, distinguished career on the bench.

In the current case of Judge Clement Haynsworth, however, the White House attitude—a combination of stolidity and nervous optimism—increasingly sounded like whistling in the dark. Though the Senate Judiciary Committee last week cleared Haynsworth's nomination to the Supreme Court by a vote of 10 to 7, opposition to the appointment was gathering force, particularly among Republicans. At week's end the hard votes against Haynsworth



MANSFIELD
Reminder about the equation.



"NO, I'M NOT GETTING TIRED, JUDGE HAYNSWORTH—ARE YOU?"

among the 43 G.O.P. Senators numbered at least 14, and nine or ten more were undecided. Nixon did not have the assured support of even half of his party's Senators. An Associated Press poll counted 46 Senators against confirmation, 33 for and 21 undecided. If the figures are accurate, the opposition will need to capture only five of the undecided members in order to block the South Carolinian's confirmation.

It was the G.O.P. Senate leadership itself that caused much of the new damage to Haynsworth's cause. Minority Leader Hugh Scott has thus far supported the judge, but unhappily; up for re-election next year, Scott is not anxious to alienate blacks and union members in his industrial state by backing a jurist with an anti-labor, anti-civil rights image (see *THE LAW*). Party loyalty could not hold either Assistant Minority Leader Robert Griffin of Michigan or Maine's Margaret Chase Smith, chairman of the Senate G.O.P. Conference. Both of them announced that they would vote against confirmation.

No Double Standard. Griffin, who led the Senate fight against approving Abe Fortas' nomination for Chief Justice last year, felt that he could not apply a double standard regarding judicial ethics. "Because confidence in the judiciary is so important at this time in our history," he said, "I believe that it was an unfortunate mistake for the Administration to submit the nomination."

The opposition was encouraged further when the American Bar Association, which originally supported Haynsworth's nomination, announced that it would have another look at the judge's qualifications. Scrutiny will focus on Haynsworth's alleged insensitivity to potential conflicts of interest. A negative reassessment by the A.B.A. would inevitably bring many undecided votes into the opposition column.

Also damaging were some remarks made privately by Bernard Siegel, former chairman of the A.B.A.'s Committee on the Federal Judiciary. Siegel is deeply upset by Haynsworth's nomination,

believing that it violates the principles that he tried to establish on the judiciary committee. Were he still chairman of the group, Siegel has let it be known, he would probably have testified against the nomination in Senate hearings.

Standing By. As Haynsworth's chances seemed to fade, his supporters mounted something of a counterattack. One of the first cries came from the judge's principal champion in the Senate, and fellow South Carolinian, Democrat Ernest Hollings. With the air of a duelist, Hollings challenged Indiana's Birch Bayh, leader of the block-Haynsworth movement, to a television debate (Bayh refused). Then Kentucky's G.O.P. Freshman Senator Marlow Cook issued a broadside against Bayh's charges that Haynsworth, while sitting on the Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals, ruled on cases involving companies in which he held stock. Haynsworth, said Cook, was being subjected to "character assassination." At the same time, Cook was unhappy with Attorney General John Mitchell for not providing Haynsworth supporters with full details on the judge's background so that they could refute some of the charges.

For the moment, the Administration was sticking doggedly to its choice, although even some conservatives—including Texas' Senator John Tower—have tried to persuade Nixon to withdraw Haynsworth's name. "The question now," said a Justice Department official, "is whether the President is going to govern or cave in. He feels it is better to lose than pull back. We are going over the cliff on this one." Others believe that Nixon will stand by Haynsworth at least as long as the outcome of the Senate battle remains in doubt. A floor vote is unlikely for several weeks. What of Haynsworth's staying power? The judge is a Southern aristocrat with little experience in or stomach for the kind of wrenching conflict he is going through. Hollings has already hinted that Haynsworth might pull out of his own accord, a solution that could save himself and the Administration further grief.

CHICAGO

Poor Climate for Weathermen

You don't need to be a weatherman to know which way the wind blows.

—*Subterranean Homesick Blues*, by Bob Dylan

Assuming that it was blowing their way, a faction of the sundered Students for a Democratic Society known as "The Weathermen" took to Chicago's streets last week in a desperate attempt to re-ignite the violence that marked the Democratic National Convention. One lure was the trial of eight radicals accused of conspiring to incite the 1968 upheaval. But the youngsters had a selection of excuses for agitation: the second anniversary of Che Guevara's death, their avowed goal of "bringing the war home," the desire to upstage more moderate modes of protest.

They hoped to galvanize public opinion by goading Chicago's tough cops into more of the publicity-catching repression meted out last year. Despite the provocations, the police for the most part kept their temper. Nor did many allies enlist in the cause.

Get Hoffman. Some 400 Weathermen and hangers-on gathered in Lincoln Park at evening, eager for a confrontation. Fueling a bonfire with park benches, they listened to obscenity-laced speeches until their own "riot squad" of 100 helmeted members arrived. Many of them carried clubs. Then, as a bearded speaker urged them to "get Judge Hoffman," they broke from the park and raced into the streets.

When police, who were on the scene but unobtrusive at first, refused to play, the Weathermen vented their frustration in a senseless rampage. They stopped cars and beat the bewildered passengers, smashed windows and glass doors, and urinated on everything in sight. Some charged head-on into squads of policemen. The cops retaliated with nightsticks, tear gas and, in a few instances, guns. Police arrested 60 that night. Later they obtained warrants and, in a pre-dawn raid on the Covenant United Methodist Church of neighboring Evanston, picked up 43 of the nearly 200 S.D.S. members staying there. Three demonstrators were wounded by gunshots, one of them seriously. Twenty-one policemen were hurt.

Guard Mobilized. After failing in their first attempt to set off widespread violence, the radicals tried again the next day. Seventy helmeted Weatherwomen, many equipped with clubs, attempted to march on an armed-forces induction center. But the Amazons fared no better than their men. A line of police withstood their charge, arrested twelve, and dispersed the rest.

While the Weathermen's demonstrations caused Governor Richard Ogilvie to mobilize 2,600 National Guardsmen, neither the demonstrators nor the efforts of less militant S.D.S. groups succeeded in disrupting the trial. Members of Revolutionary Youth Movement II,

one of the more moderate of the S.D.S. factions, found themselves outnumbered when they attempted to "take over" Cook County Criminal Court Building. They had to content themselves with predictable speeches to a generally indifferent audience before heeding police instructions to move on. Even the elements seemed to be against the Weathermen. A downpour washed out another attempt to hold a rally in Lincoln Park, scattering demonstrators and inspiring the Chicago *Sun-Times* to report: "The revolution was called on account of rain."

The recess did not last long. Participating in a weekend march through the Loop, some 300 Weathermen suddenly split into small groups, smashing shop windows and attacking police and bystanders. Assistant Corporation Counsel Richard Elrod was paralyzed from the neck down after he was kicked in the head by a demonstrator, and 23 policemen were injured. Police, tough but controlled, arrested more than one hundred and National Guardsmen moved in to help patrol the area.

Rather than winning followers, the violence served only to widen the gap between the extremists and the rest of the peace movement. Boosted by rising discontent over the Viet Nam war, few antiwar groups are willing to jeopardize their newly won acceptance by associating with extremists. Even the hard-line Black Panthers disassociated themselves formally from the Weathermen demonstrations. There were few black faces in the mob. While disturbances resulted in some injuries and damage to property, the faltering effort at disruption underscored the fact that premeditated violence is still alien to most of the protest movement.

CRIME

Crisis of Silence

Nobody loves an informer. But in fighting organized crime, the Government needs professional informers to provide courtroom testimony; most other witnesses are reluctant to give it because it is axiomatic that in certain cases a short memory means a longer life. That is why federal prosecutors have cherished an obscure but highly talkative New York labor lawyer named Herbert Itkin. Currently, Itkin is creating a crisis for the law enforcers.

Until 1967, Itkin was an FBI and Justice Department informer, operating among Mafia families. He surfaced two years ago to testify in the successful prosecution of a graft case in New York. Since then, he has helped convict or indict more than 20 other mobsters. According to federal authorities, Itkin's intelligence could produce another 30 separate racketeering cases against about 50 defendants. But since May, Itkin has refused to testify—for bizarre reasons that oddly illuminate the worlds of both crime and law enforcement.

Opaque Logic. After his cover was destroyed by his 1967 court appearance, Itkin and his present wife were placed in protective custody. Later, the Government provided the same protection for Itkin's former wife and their four children. As he finished testimony in a case last spring, Itkin was warned by parties unknown that if he made any further appearances, his wife's two sons by a previous marriage would be "crippled." Itkin naturally expected the usual protection to be granted to the two boys, Scot Hersh, 12, and Bret, 11. But so far this has been refused. The biggest obstacle has been the opaque logic



ITKIN

An unused spy.

of the Westchester County Family Court, which at one point sanctioned security arrangements for the youngsters. That decision was inexplicably revoked after 29 days. Three county judges have ruled separately on the case, rebuffing the Government's plea for assistance.

Unplush Life. Trapped in legal wrangling and worried about the boys, Itkin, 43, appears gaunt and sallow these days. The glamour for what he regarded as glamour of his crisis-laden career has faded. Fresh from Brooklyn Law School in 1954, Itkin began his undercover activities almost immediately as an informant for Senator Joseph McCarthy. The McCarthy connection led to an introduction to Allen Dulles, then Central Intelligence Agency director. Itkin joined the agency and was used mainly as a payoff man in Britain and in the Caribbean. "In the 1960s, I began to meet hoods," he recalls. "They were the best source of information in the Caribbean." While working with the CIA, Itkin managed to maintain a lucrative law practice. In fact, his CIA connections lengthened his list of clients and for a while he was making \$60,000 a year. Then, at the CIA's suggestion, he began cooperating with the FBI because of his developing contacts with gangsters. Itkin became a wheeler-dealer within Mafia circles, functioning, for instance, as a middleman and graft collector on loans made by Teamsters Union pension funds. He would pass on a percentage to the gangsters, while keeping a cut for himself.

Now he and his wife live on a military post, where they can use officers' recreational facilities if they wish. Federal marshals provide round-the-clock guard service. It is a frustrating life: the product of his years of spying is unused. "Are we waging a war on crime or aren't we?" he asks. The answer on the Itkin front, at least, seems to be equivocal. While the Hersh children are still vulnerable, one of the Government's high-powered informers remains silent.



CHICAGO POLICE CHARGING RAMPAING RADICALS
A faltering effort at disruption.

ARMED FORCES

The Military Mafia

Military lore is replete with tales of slick operators who fast-talk their way past obtuse superiors, navigate bureaucratic absurdities and come out winners. Sergeant Bilko of TV and Mito Minderbinder of *Catch-22* are winked at as engaging barracks rogues, and most Americans only chuckle when told, as one Pentagon official said last week, that "everyone has his own racket in the Army."

Suddenly the humor has turned black. Scandal involving hundreds of thousands of dollars, tainting both Army brass and noncoms, has shaken a Pentagon already under attack from every side. The Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations is digging into corruption in Army noncommissioned officers' clubs in the U.S., Germany and Viet Nam. The key figures implicated have held two of the Army's

pany, MareDEM, Ltd., to sell supplies at inflated prices to clubs in Viet Nam. MareDEM's partners, who somehow managed to get transfers as a group, became custodians of the clubs in Viet Nam. Thus they, allegedly, sold goods to themselves. In 1968 alone, Woodbridge was said to have made \$34,454 from MareDEM, the others \$44,574 each.

Corruption in the clubs was not confined to the Little Mafia, according to testimony. One hooking agent, a blonde former dancer named June Collins, 34, said that all the club custodians whom she knew in Viet Nam demanded and received kickbacks from entertainers. She reported paying about \$10,000 in two years to get jobs for clients, and was still frozen out of one club after she rebuffed the custodian's amorous advances. She heard one sergeant boast that "being a custodian is worth \$150,000."

Country Boy. Miss Collins and other show people complained to Army and Air Force authorities, but were ignored.

ons were seized as part of an illegal arms shipment to rebels in Haiti.

Turner admitted failing to pay income tax on the \$6,800 profit from the gun sales, claiming that he had not known that "hobby" income was taxable. He also explained that he had lost his account ledger but filed amended tax returns this month to reflect the sales. Said Senator Charles Percy in disbelief: "It seems to me that not showing this profit in your tax returns has nothing to do with seeking a loophole. This is evasion. You are either incredibly naive or you have evaded payment of income taxes."

Take the Fifth. When the investigation became imminent, the Justice Department hastily accepted Turner's resignation as chief U.S. marshal, a post he had held for nearly six months. Now the department is considering proceedings against him. The Army will probably prosecute Woodbridge and the other sergeants. The sergeants deny the charges against them, but have said that they would plead the Fifth Amendment rather than testify before the subcommittee. Woodbridge told reporters: "I'm stunned. Never in my wildest nightmare did I believe this could happen to me."

The investigation has pointed up the lack of supervision of club affairs. Acting Subcommittee Chairman Abraham Ribicoff charged that the Army pays little attention to club funds because the money is not appropriated from the federal treasury but comes from the dues and spending of individual soldiers.

One result of the investigation has been to speed up the long-planned centralization of the Army's criminal investigation division. The Army announced last week that investigations will henceforth be monitored at central Army headquarters in order to prevent suppression of probes by local commanders. Said one general: "The petty graft will continue to go on, but maybe we can stop this big stuff." Perhaps to show that it really means to get tough, the Army has taken back the Distinguished Service Medals previously awarded to Turner and Woodbridge.

GEORGIA

Burn, Baby, Burn

Georgia's hebetudinous Lester Maddox last week denounced textbooks, films and courses that fail to glorify the U.S. Speaking to the Governor's Conference on Education, the former fried-chicken king said: "Some things have been added that should be burned—and you know it." One item that particularly inflamed him was a textbook that called Patrick Henry an "agitator." Maddox said he had been raised to think of Henry as a hero. The audience of educators and school-board members replied with scattered applause. Cross burning may be a dying art in the South, but if Maddox has his way, book burning will replace it.



WOOLDRIDGE

MISS COLLINS

TURNER

Suddenly the humor has turned black.

most respected positions. One is Sergeant Major William O. Woodbridge, 46, once the top enlisted man in the Army. He has been accused of running a "Little Mafia" of senior sergeants that systematically bilked service clubs. The other is retired Major General Carl C. Turner, 56, the Army's former provost marshal general, or head military policeman, who later served as chief U.S. marshal in the Justice Department. Turner, according to testimony, quashed an investigation of Woodbridge and also sold Army firearms for personal profit.

Secret Accounts. Last week congressional investigators delineated an empire of larceny, kickbacks, assumed names and secret accounts in foreign banks that was allegedly run by Woodbridge and four fellow topkicks. The sergeants, some of whom were custodians of servicemen's clubs, were said to have skimmed \$350,000 a year from club slot machines in Germany and used the money to set up their own com-

The implication, supported by other witnesses, was that officers could not have cared less about hanky-panky among sergeants. Turner was accused of throttling an inquiry into a service-club scandal at Fort Benning, Ga., telling subordinate investigators: "Woodbridge is just a good ol' country boy."

Turner, a short, peppery former paratrooper, was called before the committee last week, but most of the interrogation involved his admitted sale of Army guns for personal profit. Turner acknowledged that, when he was provost marshal general and shortly after he retired, he had received 688 weapons confiscated by police and customs officials. At the time, he signed receipts saying the guns were for Army use, but in his testimony he insisted that the receipts were a mere "formality." Not so, said a spokesman for one of the donors, Chicago Police Superintendent James Conlisk: "The general is engaging in falsehood." Last June, seven of the weap-

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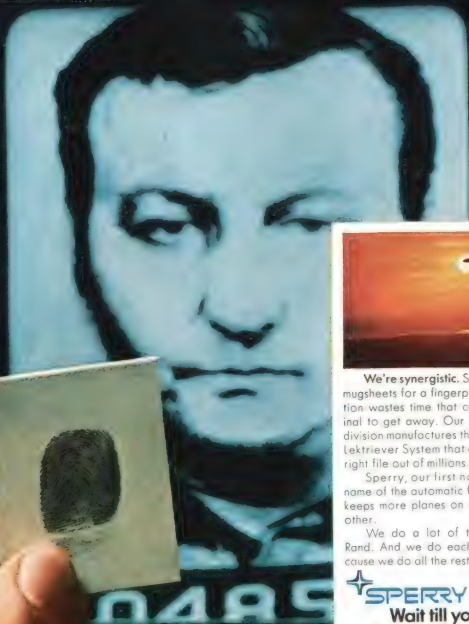
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THE WORLD

THE CHINESE BLINKED



CHINESE TROOPS ALONG THE USSURI



SOVIET FORCES IN CENTRAL ASIA

FOR much of 1969, the threat of a major conflict hovered over the 4,500-mile frontier between the Soviet Union and China. In at least two all-out battles this year on the Ussuri and Amur rivers, which separate Siberia and Manchuria, the Soviets called in armor and heavy artillery to pound the Chinese. Tensions rose to the point where the Soviets hinted that they might even launch a preventive strike against China's nuclear installations unless Peking agreed to negotiations aimed at settling the conflict. The war of nerves was threatening to get out of hand. Last week, after months of trying to face down the stronger Soviets, the Chinese blinked first.

In a dramatic retreat from past intransigence, Peking agreed to discuss the border issue with the Soviets. At the same time, the Chinese urged that troops massed along the border be pulled back and that no force be used. They also expressed the hope that relations between the two governments could be normalized, despite the nine-year-old ideological rift that has separated them (see box, following page).

No Intimidation. As usual, the Chinese seasoned their basically conciliatory statement with a bit of bluster. "China will never be intimidated by war threats, including nuclear war threats," Peking warned. "Should a handful of war maniacs dare to raid China's strategic sites in defiance of world condemnation, that will be war."

Even so, Peking said, there was "no reason what-

soever for China and the Soviet Union to fight a war over the boundary question." The Chinese even referred to "peaceful coexistence," an abrupt about-face after all their talk of "overthrowing the Soviet revisionist renegade clique." Another apparent softening on the part of the Chinese was their expression of willingness to negotiate on the basis of frontier treaties that Peking considers "unequal" because they were imposed by czarist Russia on a tottering Chinese empire.

Superior Power. What caused Peking's retreat? Most Western analysts were certain that the Chinese backed down out of fear. Moscow's hints of pre-

ventive nuclear strikes finally convinced at least one faction of Peking's leadership that the Russians meant business and the time had come to face reality and yield before superior Soviet power. Another possibility, of course, was that the Chinese were simply buying time to get through a highly dangerous phase in the conflict and stop the shooting. That would be in line with one of Chairman Mao Tse-tung's dictums: "In defense, the immediate object is to preserve yourself, but at the same time, defense is a means of supplementing attack." The approach suggested flexibility rather than moderation.

Pressures for a more flexible policy probably began building in Peking in late August, 1968, when the Soviets shocked the Chinese with their effortless crackdown on Czechoslovakia. Hundreds of minor border clashes with the Soviets and a few major ones since last spring deepened Peking's anxiety.

As Peking's most notable apostle of flexibility, Premier Chou En-lai is believed to be the guiding effort behind the policy switch. It was Chou who met with Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin in Peking last month to discuss the border issue. Presumably, Chou's advocacy of a more pragmatic approach to the Russians was endorsed by some of China's military leaders, including Chief of Staff Huang Yung-sheng. They know very well which side would win in a showdown with the Red Army. But there is still powerful opposition to any flexibility; ac-



KOSYGIN & CHOU EN-LAI

Characteristically seasoned with bluster.

If Moscow and Peking Make Up . . .

A decade ago, most Western analysts thought a split between the Soviet Union and China inconceivable. Today, the analysts find the notion that Moscow and Peking will make up any time in the foreseeable future equally inconceivable. Indeed, even in agreeing to hold border talks with the Soviets, the Chinese spoke of "irreconcilable differences" with Moscow. Yet what if the inconceivable should occur once again, and Moscow and Peking were able to reach a genuine reconciliation? Among the possibilities:

• **IN CHINA AND THE SOVIET UNION:** Along the 4,500-mile Sino-Soviet frontier, where both sides have been feverishly building up forces since bloody Ussuri River clashes earlier this year, tensions relax quickly. Moscow withdraws many of the thousands of men who guard Central Asia and the Soviet Far East. The Chinese start to redeploy forces dug in along the frontier, moving them into political and civic action work inside China to help heal the wounds caused by Chairman Mao Tse-tung's Cultural Revolution. The Soviets resume a degree of aid to China, mainly in industrial credits, but offer no assistance to China's burgeoning nuclear program.

• **ASIA:** Though both Moscow and Peking have supported North Viet Nam with military equipment all along, the settlement results in a new unity of action. Such coordination keeps Hanoi from playing off the two Communist giants against each other. But it also enables the North Vietnamese to stop their breathless balancing act and devote undivided attention to the war. What follows is a further stiffening of their posture on the battlefield and at the negotiating table, compelling the U.S. to consider slowing down its withdrawal—difficult though that may be. Beyond Viet Nam, Moscow quietly concedes Southeast Asia as a Chinese sphere of influence. Peking steps up subversion and support of local Communist insurgent movements. Unless Asian nations coordinate their defenses, perhaps in a regional pact extending from Korea to Pakistan, they eventually confront a painful choice: 1) accommodation with Peking, or 2) greater military and economic reliance on the West.

• **THE MIDDLE EAST AND AFRICA:** Communist pressure grows in the Middle East, where the Soviets have in the past been far more active than the Chinese. Competition between the two Communist powers in Syria ends. In Africa, where Moscow and Peking have also been rivals in the courtship of established

governments and extremist groups, Guinea, the Sudan and several other countries find it difficult to cope with unified Communist pressure. The Soviets, certain that their back door is safe, are willing to take slightly greater risks in the Middle East, but still want to avoid outright war.

• **WESTERN EUROPE:** Soviet troops and sophisticated equipment pulled out of Asia are redeployed in Europe, generating increased pressure there. The U.S., which has actively considered pulling some of its 288,000 troops out of Western Europe, is now forced not merely to maintain its presence but to increase it. However, the steady growth of the Communist parties of Italy and France is stunted. Both flourished when Moscow, in urgent need of support against the Chinese, conceded them considerable independence. With new unity between Moscow and Peking, the Italian and French Communists again become more subservient to Moscow and have trouble persuading the non-Communist left that they are truly independent of Kremlin control.

• **EASTERN EUROPE:** There is no return to monolithic unity within the Communist camp; after all, the Sino-Soviet split was but a symptom, not the cause, of divisions. In Albania, long a Chinese ally despite its geographic position within Moscow's sphere of influence, the Enver Hoxha regime falls and is replaced by a pro-Soviet government, which quickly grants the Russians direct naval access to the Mediterranean. The drive against liberalization elsewhere in Eastern Europe gets tougher. Peking, hardly known for liberal precepts, condones the crackdown; when the Chinese condemned the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia last year, they did so not because they objected in principle, but because it was a convenient weapon with which to lash Moscow's "revisionists." After a Sino-Soviet reconciliation, it may be a long while before a future Dubček makes his appearance in a Communist-run country.

• **THE U.S.:** As part of the settlement, the Chinese demand an end to Soviet-American "collusion." That puts a damper on hopes for strategic arms limitation talks and further progress in the Geneva disarmament negotiations, but does not entirely destroy them, since both Moscow and Washington are alarmed at the expense and danger of the arms race. In the U.S., anti-Communist hard-liners, long on the defensive, enjoy a revival by underlining the threat posed by the renewal of Chinese-Soviet chumminess.

According to one report, Chou had to fight to win approval from the Politburo merely to meet with Kosygin in September.

Continuing Struggle. The forthcoming negotiations, which may get under way later this month, are not likely to be easy. By week's end, Moscow had still made no official reply to Peking's statement, possibly because Communist Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev was off in East Berlin helping Walter Ulbricht celebrate the 20th birthday of his regime. Despite the lack of a reply, Russian sources indicated that their delegation to the talks would be headed by Deputy Foreign Minister Vasily Kuznetsov, a skilled negotiator who was Soviet Ambassador to China from 1953 to 1955, when relations were far warmer. For their part, the Chinese have made it clear that notwithstanding their willingness to talk, the ideological struggle will "continue for a long period of time." The basic hostility between the two Communist giants has by no means disappeared. But at least they no longer have their hands around each other's throats.

ARMAMENTS

Hands Beneath the Sea

As an arms-control milestone, the seabed treaty proposed by the U.S. and the Soviet Union in Geneva last week hardly ranks in importance with 1963's partial nuclear test ban and the nuclear nonproliferation pact of 1968. Nor is it any substitute for the long-delayed strategic arms limitation talk (SALT), which Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko last month promised to consider "soon." Still, like the treaties denuclearizing Antarctica and outer space, the seabed proposal at least offers the hope that one more area may be closed to the arms race.

The treaty, which now must be ratified by 22 nations including the U.S. and Russia, would ban nuclear weapons and other means of "mass destruction" from the ocean floor more than twelve miles offshore. The pact would not beach missile-carrying submarines. But it would place the seabed off limits to fixed installations, including nuclear mines, silos that could house nuclear missiles, and chemical- and biological-warfare devices.

Sea Snooping. The Soviets sprang an initial draft on the nascent Nixon Administration last March. At first, the Russians proposed outlawing everything "of a military nature." That was unacceptable to the U.S., which would have had to unplug the undersea devices it uses to track Soviet subs. Washington, in turn, wanted the weapon-free area to begin at the three-mile limit, not at twelve miles, as the Soviets insisted. Finally, the two sides compromised: the U.S. went along with the twelve-mile proposal, and the Russians agreed to ban only offensive weapons.

Canada and Italy, among others, com-



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plained that the treaty leaves the difficult task of inspection mainly to the superpowers, who alone have the resources to snoop along the sea floor. Then, too, the negotiators left unresolved some technical questions of geography. Will those Latin American countries that claim territorial waters up to 200 miles beyond their shores accept a twelve mile limit? Should the Gulf of Riga, the Sea of Okhotsk, the East Siberian Sea and parts of the Black and White Seas, all of which Moscow claims as its own waters, come under the treaty?

In Geneva, the negotiators declared that the treaty rescues "two-thirds of the surface of the earth from the sphere of the arms race." Obviously, the big concern is the other third, where the world's 3.5 billion people live. Heartening as the seabed treaty may be, a more valid test of the Soviets' eagerness to make real progress in arms control is how soon they will move from the seas to SALT.

ASIA

Beyond the Blue Horizon

The West may be pushing the boundaries of sexual permissiveness ever outward, but Asia seems to be moving in the opposite direction. In India last week Topic A was a lip-smacking debate on the issue of on-screen kissing. South Viet Nam's government has closed down three publications this year for overly explicit descriptions of sex, and Taiwan police have arrested 763 long-haired boys and miniskirted girls since January for offending public decency. Thai officials have damned the miniskirt, and Malaysia's minister of education has ordered students "not to become slaves to Western fashion."

Most Asian societies take a love-and-let-love attitude toward sex, as long as it is kept private. The trouble is that younger Asians, anxious to keep up with the latest fads flowing from Man-

hattan and London, have gone public. India's debate, for example, was set off when a government censorship commission recommended that "if in telling a story it is relevant to depict a passionate kiss or a nude figure," movie-makers should do so. After all, the commission noted, Indian directors never hesitate to feature bump-and-grind girly dances so provocative that they "may almost be called the performance of a unilateral act of coitus." The argument impressed few Indians; in a recent poll, 75% opposed kissing and nudity in films—this in the land of the *Kama Sutra* and the world's most erotic temple carvings. Buddha himself helps explain such contradictory attitudes toward sex. Like St. Augustine, he spent his youth exulting in the pleasures of the flesh and his later years exalting the spirit. More immediate was the puritanical impact of the Moslems, whose Mogul empire controlled the subcontinent from 1526 until the early 1700s. The confusion in attitudes persists; while most Indian women haughtily reject the ubiquitous miniskirt, the partygoing younger ones have adopted the "hipster sari." The bottom portion is tied low enough to expose a generous expanse of the upper *derrière*, while the top, or *choli*, has been reduced to startlingly provocative dimensions.

The Long and Short. The miniskirt has caught on all-embracingly in Saigon and Bangkok, despite official censure. To avoid police harassment, Saigon prostitutes trip along downtown streets wearing ankle-length raincoats over their minis. In Bangkok, short skirts are criticized primarily as a symbol of the increasingly resented U.S. presence. Teachers, for example, have been told to stop wearing miniskirts because they are "an example of poor Western culture." Nonetheless, Princess Ubol Ratsari, the King's oldest daughter, sports a mini while shopping in Bangkok's boutiques. Thailand, for all its resentment of Western variations of permissiveness, has long been one of Asia's more lubricious societies. In addition to more than 2,400 brothels staffed by 151,000 prostitutes, there are hundreds of "massage parlors"—where, it is rumored, even massages are sometimes available.

In Singapore, Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew last spring shuttered the Fireplace Club, a membership-only discotheque whose president bragged about its pickup potential. The club was closed, however, because it was a suspected haven for drug users. In Indonesia, President Suharto is so intent on setting a better example than hard-wenching Predecessor Sukarno that he and his wife see no love scenes in their screening room. When something saucy comes up, the projectionist puts his hand over the lens. Film censorship in Taiwan is somewhat more professional: censors last year found themselves forced to snip sexy bits out of 65% of the 237 foreign films screened in island theaters. Even scenes showing girls in bikinis



BOMBAY BILLBOARD
In the land of the *Kama Sutra*.

are taboo. The Communist Chinese are still more puritanical. Girls and boys alike wear near-identical jackets, trousers and caps, producing—unconsciously, of course—the unisex look. Peking's view of the latest in Western pop dancing: "vulgar and revolting actions" performed simply and solely by "class enemies."


Cultural Intrusion. Many Asian critics of what they consider Western sexual excesses are not at all worried about such abstract notions as morality. What does concern them is fidelity to their own cultural traditions. The Thai or Vietnamese businessman who openly keeps several "minor wives" or mistresses and regularly visits the local massage parlor frowns on miniskirts, not because they are morally objectionable but because they represent a cultural intrusion.

For that very reason the Japanese, almost alone among the Asians, seem unconcerned by the debate over public permissiveness. As the U.S. occupation showed, the Japanese have a way of transforming what looks like a cultural intrusion into something all their own. Thus, of the 487 movies produced in Japan last year, 267 were so-called "eroductions"—a Japanese neologism combining "erotic" and "production" and referring to adults-only features with a strong tinge of blue. The leading "eroducer," Koji Wakamatsu, has great plans in store: "What I must have," he says, "is a helicopter shot of the ground covered with nothing but naked women—all the way to the horizon." He might find the perfect location in central Tokyo. Palace Plaza, observers report, nightly turns into what can only be described as a sex park.



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LAOS

The Unseen Presence

It sometimes seems as if the U.S. Government would like to make the very existence of Laos classified information. Thus, when the country's Premier, Prince Souvanna Phouma, flew into Washington last week, the White House said as little as possible about his meeting with President Nixon. The U.S. these days is anxious to get out of Southeast Asia, not to get in deeper. Reflecting that mood, Senator Stuart Symington next week will begin hearings on the American involvement in Laos. To gauge the U.S. presence there, *TIME* Correspondents David Greenway and William Marman visited the kingdom twice in recent weeks. Their report:

The depth of the U.S. involvement in Laos is not immediately apparent in the seedy, down-at-the-heels capital of Vientiane. There is none of the neon nightmare that Americans have brought

to Asian soil. There American families live in two- and four-bedroom ranch-style houses laid out with barbecue pits and with swings, ponies and bicycles on their grassy lawns. KM-6 has its own electric power generators, water supply and sewage system, plus tennis courts and a 450-student school.

Though there are no U.S. ground troops fighting in Laos, the country has become even more of a client state than Viet Nam. Laos receives more U.S. aid per capita than any other country—over \$250 million a year in a country of 2,825,000 people, one-third of whom live in Communist-held areas.

The Americans admit to the presence of 75 military personnel serving as advisers in the capital and the six military regions. There are also more than 200 CIA agents. "Laos is an agency country," a longtime Vientiane observer notes. The silver fleets of the CIA contract carriers, Air America and Continental Airlines, have for years provided tactical support for the most effective government force in Laos—General Vang Pao's Meo tribesmen. The CIA men and the military advisers train, equip, support and transport the entire Royal Laotian military effort. Americans have been known to advise on tactics on the battalion level.

The Americans justify their involvement in Laos on the ground that the North Vietnamese were there first. It is largely clandestine because, like the North Vietnamese presence, it violates the 1962 Geneva accords, which supposedly neutralized Laos. The military-aid program, for example, is not run by the military-assistance group (MAG) but by USAID through a euphemistically titled "requirements office."

Towns Flattened. The U.S. officially admits only to flying "armed reconnaissance" missions over Laos (i.e., firing only when fired upon). But in fact, besides bombing the Ho Chi Minh trail, Thai-based American planes provide considerable tactical air support for the Royal Laotian Army, flattening whole towns in the Communist Pathet Lao zone. In the last eleven months the bombing of Laos has increased fivefold. "We've creamed that place," allowed a U.S. Air Force pilot recently, "some places even worse than Viet Nam." Said one woman who escaped from Muong Phine, a town recently captured by government forces: "We were afraid of the airplanes that came all the time. We learned to stand still in the fields when the planes came because if we ran the planes would shoot."

The U.S. has obvious reasons for not admitting the extent to which American air power plays a role in Laos. "If we did," said an American official in Vientiane, "every dove in the U.S. would hit us over the head with it like they did with Johnson and the bombing of North Viet Nam. The North Vietnamese don't admit the presence of their 47,000 troops. Why should we give them the advantage of admitting the bombing?"

GREECE

The L.B.J. Coper

Nervously, the little band of rescuers stared toward the dark shore from their boat, anchored off the bleak, remote Greek isle of Amorgos. Finally, they spotted the faint beam of a flashlight. By walkie-talkie, they confirmed that their man was ready to be picked up. Two crewmen hopped into a rubber dinghy and paddled to the beach. Twenty minutes later, they were back with a passenger: George Mylonas, 50, Greece's former Under Secretary for Education, who had been exiled to the island 14 months earlier by the military junta as a "threat to public security."

The story had all the elements of a classic suspense tale. Early in September, members of the Greek resistance approached Italian Journalist Mario Scialoja, a reporter for Rome's weekly *L'Espresso*, and asked his help in rescuing a victim of the Athens regime.



MYLONAS AFTER ESCAPE
Organizer for the fragments.

Scialoja, an experienced sailor known to be sympathetic to the resistance, agreed. He rounded up three men and a woman as crew and located a 30-ft. cabin cruiser. Meanwhile, resistance agents contacted Mylonas and alerted him to watch for a group of tourists during his daily lunches at Kyria Aspasia, the only taverna on desolate Amorgos.

Hidden Walkie-Talkie. Scialoja and his band landed on Amorgos in late September, went to the tavern and ordered lunch. Minutes later, Mylonas entered and went straight to his regular table. When he glanced up, he saw a book on Scialoja's table. It was the prearranged recognition signal—a copy of *The Tragedy of Lyndon Johnson* by Eric Goldman. Mylonas paled. Quickly, he ate his meal and left.

Scialoja and his group talked loudly about their plans to visit the Panayia Khoroviotissa, a monastery which gave them their only excuse for visiting the island. On the route to the monastery,



SOUVANNA PHOUMA IN WASHINGTON
Client of the agency.

to Bangkok, and the town does not creak under the weight of the U.S. military as does Saigon. One sees few Americans, and none in uniforms. In a few bars one may find the freeheeling, CIA-paid Air America pilots, the Lord Jims of Laos. But the main accent is French. The old ochre-colored colonial buildings with their big windows and high ceilings set the architectural style. *Citron pressé* outsells Coca-Cola, and hamburgers hardly exist. The pace is as slow-moving as the ceiling fans, and Vientiane exudes a decadent charm that is extinct where Americans have made a more obvious invasion.

But appearances are misleading. The U.S. Embassy telephone book is as thick as the one for all of Laos. Of the more than 2,100 Americans (including dependents) now stationed in Laos, most live in all-American compounds outside Vientiane and very much out of sight. The largest is KM-6 (six kilometers from town), a U.S. suburb transplanted

they hid a walkie-talkie for Mylonas and returned to their boat. That night—after the quick trip back to shore in the rubber dinghy—they sailed away with their extra passenger.

When Scialoja, a thin, bearded man, broke the story last week, he said only that Mylonas is "somewhere in Western Europe." He did disclose, however, that the resistance had singled out Mylonas for rescue because he is a good organizer and the resistance today is badly fragmented.

Wave of Arrests. Mylonas was a member of the Center Union Party, a slightly left-of-center grouping that was the major target of the archconservative junta that took power in 1967. Arrested in August 1968, he was exiled to Amorogos. He suffered from arthritis and circulatory problems, but the junta refused to consider his wife's pleas for his release. On Amorogos, there was little for him to do beyond his twice-daily visits to sign in at the police station.

Now he has something to do. "I certainly didn't get involved in this adventure with you," he told Scialoja, "to come and rest in a Western country. The fight against dictatorship must unite us all. At this moment, all political forces must collaborate for the restoration of democracy in Greece."

BRITAIN

Richard III Rides Again

All over Brighton last week, posters proclaimed: **BRITAIN WOULD BE BETTER OFF WITH THE CONSERVATIVES.** As 4,000 Tories gathered at the seaside resort for the party's annual meeting, however, they were beginning to wonder whether they would ever get a chance to prove it. The idea that the Conservatives could lose the next election, which Labor Prime Minister Harold Wilson might call as early as next spring, once seemed absurd. Not any longer.

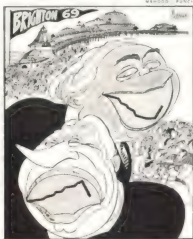
Only last spring, the Tories enjoyed an astonishing 25% lead over Labor in the opinion polls. Last week a new poll by London's Opinion Research Centre showed that their lead has dwindled to a scant 4%. According to the latest Gallup poll, 43% of the country is satisfied with Wilson—his highest rating in that survey since 1967.

The Extra Man. As the party on the rise, Labor now has a psychological edge. Wilson's stock has been buoyed by Britain's current balance-of-payments surplus, the first in seven years, and by his cocky show of confidence two weeks ago at Labor's own annual meeting in Brighton. At the Tory conference, one speaker compared Wilson to Richard III, he of the "crooked back" and "evil mind" who rallied his troops and "rode off full of hope to his doom in Bosworth Field." In the end, that fate may befall Edward Richard George Heath, 53, who in five years as the Tories' leader has not yet impressed his own party, much less the British electorate. He is another example of the bland, almost face-

less leadership that seems to prevail in many other parts of the world as well (see the ESSAY).

Much of the time at Brighton, Ted Heath was almost the extra man. Delegates cheered such thunderers as Extremist Enoch Powell, known in some quarters as "the literate George Wallace" for his racial stance. Only on the closing day did Heath manage to score some points of his own.

Unlike Wilson, a clever, sharp-tongued and very partisan politician, Heath usually arouses little more than yawns. The conservative squirearchy, which still dominates much of Tory politics, is not particularly delighted that their leader is a Kentish carpenter's son who got through Balliol College on an organ scholarship. Nor does Heath's modest background win him friends in working-class districts—not when the single, silver-haired politician is known to be devoted to music and a 34-ft. sloop he races with public-school friends.



CARTOONIST'S VIEW OF HEATH & WILSON

At Brighton, too, not everyone was following Heath's tune. He is campaigning as a moderate "Man of Principle" dedicated chiefly to reducing prices, taxes and strikes. The last issue gained special pungency as the wildest walkout of 6,000 London "dustmen" entered its third week, spread to other cities and yielded Everests of offal similar to those of New York's 1968 garbage strike. On one issue, however, old-line Tories severely tarnished the progressive image that the party is attempting to acquire. They voted overwhelmingly to end Britain's five-year experimental suspension of capital punishment, thus reviving the Conservatives' old reputation as the "flogging and hanging party."

If an election were held now, the Tories would probably defeat Labor. The Conservatives' sharp drop in the opinion polls could even be good for the party, as London's *Economist* points out, "if its complacency is punctured." If it is not, the Tories could succeed in throwing away an election they once considered a sure thing.

TIME ESSAY

WHERE have all the leaders gone? "Name me a leader in America today," demanded Congressman Adam Clayton Powell recently, and for once Powell may have said it right. Nearly everywhere, the places of power seem occupied by faceless and forgettable bureaucrats, technocrats or nonentities. "Charisma," one of the dominant clichés of the '60s, is clearly on the wane. Charles de Gaulle has left the Elysée Palace to his former lieutenant, Georges Pompidou, a banker and lover of poetry who, however, shows little poetry in his political style. West Germany has not had an inspirational leader since Adenauer, or Britain since Churchill: a contest between Labor Prime Minister Harold Wilson and Tory Leader Ted Heath would involve a choice of Yorkshire pudding or boiled potatoes. Mrs. Golda-Meir has more panache—at least for those who appreciate Jewish mothers—than her predecessor, Levi Eshkol, but she can hardly match that prophet-politician David Ben-Gurion. Revolution has unseated the egomaniacal Nkrumah of Ghana and Sukarno of Indonesia—no loss to the world, except in drama. Egypt's Nasser and Cuba's Castro still have the messianic leader's power to move his people, although familiarity and failure are beginning to breed contempt. Perhaps the national leader who has the greatest claim to genuine charisma is China's Mao Tse-tung, but Mao is 75 and, despite allegations to the contrary, is not immortal. Nikita Khrushchev, the closest thing to an eccentric the Red world has yet produced, is but dimly remembered in the day of those dreary committee types, Kosygin and Brezhnev. In America, where Richard Nixon seemingly glories in his "low profile," the bland are leading the band. As New York's Senator Jacob Javits acidly puts it, "We may have reached a balance of mediocrity."

Except in art and conversation, blandness is not a mortal sin; and even in politics, charisma is not always a virtue. Nkrumah and Sukarno stirred the blood of their countrymen, but they very nearly ruined their countries. Two of the most persuasive leaders of the 20th century were also two of its greatest monsters—Hitler and Mussolini. Particularly in advanced nations, the leader who governs by emotion and style is apt to be regarded as a dangerous indulgence, one that people with stable institutions should not hanker for.

Charisma,* as defined in political terms by Sociologist Max Weber, refers to a leader who has a special grace

* From the Greek verb *charizesthai*, "to favor," the term was originally applied to religious prophets who could demonstrate their favor in the eyes of God or Providence.

WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO CHARISMA?

or extraordinary power to rule by the force of personality alone. In more primitive lands, such a ruler was frequently revered as a father figure with magical capacities. Peasants in Turkey, for example, believed that Dictator Kemal Atatürk was impervious to bullets. Even in relatively sophisticated societies, there is a deep-rooted need for magic. The fact that the magician may not really have talent or wisdom is less important

turn to normalcy. When people give total trust to one man, they willingly suspend disbelief; it involves a "rediscovery of innocence," as Yale Political Scientist David Apter puts it. Eventually cynicism, otherwise known as political realism, returns, and the leader who had beguiled a nation is rejected. The classic case occurred when, after the perils of World War II, Britain turned out Winston Churchill in favor of the dull, bureaucratic, but quintessentially normal regime of Clement Attlee.

The dramatic leader either evokes the hope of unborn glory or creates the living illusion of a grandeur that is dead. De Gaulle was twice called to take charge of his country at moments of extreme crisis; but his reliance on a rhetoric that recalled France's past grandeur was no substitute for the reconstruction of its social system. With his unique sense of history, De Gaulle seems to have accepted the inevitability of his most recent severance from power. "It must be understood, and I do understand," he reportedly wrote to a friend, "that the march toward and on the heights cannot be endured without some respite. We are now, therefore, on the road down." Richard Nixon's election victory last year was based in part on his shrewdness in recognizing a national yearning for political respite and a

new kind of political giant who can

make his compatriots realize that explosive social problems are more dangerous to a nation than an armed enemy beating at the gate. Walter Lippmann, among others, believes that Nixon is the unglamorous kind of leader necessary to reduce the overextended American military presence abroad; withdrawal, Lippmann notes, is an unexciting job. But it can be argued with equal logic that a man of extraordinary persuasion may be needed to make a Viet Nam settlement that is short of victory palatable to a proud nation.

By definition, a leader leads; but even the charismatic leader is himself led, in the broadest sense, by those he governs. He is molded as much as he molds, and cannot be too far ahead of, or too far away from, the popular will. It is beyond argument that the U.S. today has no definable popular will, no clear sense of purpose. The time may come when it will have, or need to have, one. Before there can be a crusade, there have to be, after all, crusaders. Before there can be a Moses, adds Political Scientist Sidney Hyman, "there must be a people of Israel who want to get out of Egypt." What ever happened to charisma? It is waiting—not for the man, but for the purpose.



KENNEDY

NIXON

cool, low-keyed leader—a "peer group" figure rather than a pop hero.

Eloquence is not enough to uphold a charismatic leader indefinitely. That is especially so when the foe of a nation is not visible and external but a host of interior and undramatic "enemies": outdated or inadequate institutions; a national sense of malaise, economic or racial turmoil. In a world where many complex problems are capable of technical solution, the need may be for lesser mortals who understand the issues and are capable of applying the painstaking energy needed to solve them. Does this mean that the charismatic leader is obsolete? Hardly. Almost without exception, powerful leaders are the product of great national crises, and sometimes the solution to them; needless to say, the world is not through with crises. Somehow, the most efficient and businesslike leadership is not



DE GAULLE

POMPIDOU

than the popular belief that he has.

Lenin was conceivably the only man who could have held Soviet Russia together in the chaos that followed World War I. Franklin Roosevelt may not have been the only American who could have rallied the U.S. in 1933, but it is certain that Herbert Hoover could not have done it. The history of Southeast Asia would be vastly different if South Viet Nam had had a leader like the North's Ho Chi Minh.

Just as he can call forth strengths that people would be reluctant to entrust to anyone else, the inspirational statesman is capable of reconciling deep differences. In 1968, Robert Kennedy—who evoked, partly because of his brother's legacy, even deeper feelings than J.F.K. himself—was the only political figure who had strong followings among two otherwise hostile groups, the blacks and lower-middle-class whites. Many of Kennedy's blue-collar supporters subsequently voted for George Wallace.

But unless the leader with power and grace makes himself a dictator, he is usually doomed to a relatively short career in power. Nothing is so fatiguing as greatness—to the nongreat. People become numbed by excitement and sacrifice, grow weary of the grand view from the mountaintop, and long for a re-



MEIR

ESKOL



KHRUSHCHEV

BREZHNEV

EAST GERMANY

Making the Best Of a Bad Situation

From a reviewing stand on East Berlin's Marx-Engels Platz, Communist Boss Walter Ulbricht waved a bouquet of red roses as goose-stepping troops paraded past. Alongside "Spitzbart," as Ulbricht's unloving citizens call him because of his well-tended goatee, stood Soviet Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev and a high-powered array of other Communist visitors. The occasion was the 20th anniversary of the founding of East Germany's Communist state. What was perhaps most striking about the celebrations was not the relatively modest military show but the new skyline of East Berlin: ultramodern apartment buildings and office skyscrapers, dominated by a 1,200-ft. television tower with a revolving restaurant.

Determinedly Apolitical. Rivaling West Germany's famed *Wirtschaftswunder*, East Germany has undergone an economic miracle of its own since the end of World War II, when the Soviets carted off nearly all the plants and machinery that had survived the heavy Allied bombing. Today East Germany is the world's ninth greatest industrial power. With a population of 17 million and an area roughly the same as Tennessee's, East Germany has a gross national product of \$31.7 billion. Cameras from the Pentagon works at Dresden compete with Leicas from West Germany. TV sets from East Berlin are sold in the Federal Republic. Per capita ownership of TV sets is even higher in East Germany (211 per 1,000) than in West Germany (210 per 1,000).

Ulbricht's economic success rests in part on one of the monstrosities of modern times: the Wall. From 1945 until 1961, when the Communists erected the 28-mile barrier that seals off East Berlin from western parts of the city, 3,600,000 East Germans, including some of the most promising scientists and young workers, fled to the West. The Wall forced those penned behind it to acknowledge that they would be spending the rest of their lives in the East—so why not try to make the best of a bad situation? To encourage the changing



ULBRICHT WITH WIFE LOTTE
From nowhere to ninth.

mood, Ulbricht in 1963 instituted a new economic plan that gave considerable authority and rewards to individual plant managers, freeing East German industry somewhat from the embrace of Communist bureaucracy.

Prosperity has given the East Germans an overpowering feeling of pride—after all, they were creating a society that seemed to them more just, more German and more morally *korrekt* than the permissive, cosmopolitan atmosphere of the West. It is also more drab, despite all the new prosperity and the new buildings. Parts of East Germany have an old-fashioned, almost prewar look. Other parts have yet to be rebuilt. Women make up 46.9% of the working force, one of the highest ratios in the world. They are everywhere—directing traffic, working on construction sites and painting buildings.

Despite impressive economic progress, East Germany still lags far behind the Federal Republic; its living standard is estimated to be as much as one-third lower. Politically, it remains under tight Communist control. One of the last of Eastern Europe's doctrinaire Stalinists, Ulbricht is backed by 167,000 soldiers and security forces. Not since the riots of 1953 has he been forced to cope with a major disturbance. To be sure,

there are some signs of disquiet. Some 1,135 East Germans last year managed to flee over the wall to the West. At one point during last week's celebrations, 200 restless young East Berliners paraded down Unter den Linden chanting: "Eins, zwei, drei, Sex!" But they knew better than to shout anything more defiant—such as demands for political reforms. Culturally, Ulbricht maintains such a tight rein that most of Evgeny Evtushenko's poetry is proscribed, and even some recent Soviet films have been banned as "unsafe." Determinedly apolitical, most of East Germany's citizens seem concerned exclusively with getting on.

Squeeze Play. In the midst of last week's celebrations, East Germany's leaders were preoccupied with the problem that has been uppermost since the regime was born—how to deal with West Germany. Ulbricht has always feared that closer ties with Bonn would weaken his grip on East Germany. Now Socialist Willy Brandt, who is scheduled to be installed as the West's new Chancellor next week, is calling for reduced tensions in Central Europe and for closer links between the two Germanys, just short of formal diplomatic recognition. Speaking in his high-pitched Saxon twang, Ulbricht reiterated his old demand for full recognition, which would be unacceptable to Bonn. Russia's Brezhnev seemed far more conciliatory. "We would be pleased about a more realistic approach in West Germany," he said, "and would be prepared to act accordingly."

Ulbricht is unlikely to dismantle the Wall or allow closer contact with West Germany until he feels that East Germans will no longer be tempted by better jobs and living conditions across the border. Now 76, Ulbricht might not be on the scene much longer, but the two men most likely to succeed him, Premier Willi Stoph, 55, and Deputy Party Chief Erich Honecker, 57, are likely to follow the same course. Yet neither Ulbricht nor his heirs can overlook the fact that some day perhaps the Soviets and other East Bloc comrades may become weary of allowing East Germany's leaders to stand in the way of a long-overdue relaxation of tensions in Central Europe.



EAST BERLIN SKYLINE WITH RESTORED BUILDINGS IN CENTER & TV TOWER AT LEFT
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MEXICO

Operation Impossible

Question: Why did the Administration give the name "Operation Intercept" to its drive against drugs from Mexico? Answer: Because somebody else had already thought up *Mission: Impossible*.

The Treasury agents, aircraft and Coast Guard boats that have been swarming on, over and around the 2,500-mile border since September 21 made only 500 arrests and seized just two tons of marijuana by the end of last week. Yet, if the crackdown did temporarily reduce the annual 1,200-ton flow of "grass" from south of the border—presumably because the serious smugglers just sat it out—it also reduced U.S.-Mexican relations to one of the lowest points in years.

U.S.-bound traffic on busy Mexican Routes 2 and 15 backed up for miles while drivers waited as long as three hours to get through customs. Many U.S. tourists were unwilling to put up with the delays, and many Mexicans, outraged at being searched "to the skin," joined a boycott against nearby U.S. cities. Officials in hard-hit San Diego were worried that without grass, kids would turn to hard drugs. In towns on the Mexican side, where trade was off 40% to 75%, businessmen were near panic. The gate evaporated at Tijuana's Agua Caliente race track, and occupancy rates at Ensenada resort hotels fell to a ridiculous 5%. Effects were felt as far south as Mexico City, where Mexican President Gustavo Diaz Ordaz publicly denounced Washington's "bureaucratic error."

Pushing a Point. No one was pleased with Intercept—no one, that is, but the Nixon Administration. Washington's idea was not so much to stop the drug flow: not even light planes teamed with ground radar could spot every airborne dope smuggler. The object was to force Mexico City to do something about the illegal but large-scale cultivation of marijuana and other narcotics throughout the country. To emphasize the point, the U.S. made it clear to Mexico that it was ready to press the drive for at least a month.

Last week the U.S. abruptly throttled back. Not long after Mexican Foreign Minister Antonio Carrillo Flores personally complained to Secretary of State William Rogers by telephone, U.S. and Mexican representatives announced in Washington that Operation Intercept had been replaced by "Operation Cooperation." The U.S. said a terse communiqué, would "adjust" customs procedures to cut out "inconvenience, delay and irritation"—meaning that the border inspections would be eased. In two weeks, talks are to begin in Mexico City on a joint antidrug effort. U.S. officials are calling that a victory, but it has the ring of a bugout too. The latest goal, as State spokesmen explain it, is a gradual "Mexicanization" of the war on drugs.

CANADA

City Without Cops

Montrealers discovered last week what it is like to live in a city without police and firemen. The lesson was costly: six banks were robbed, more than 100 shops were looted, and there were twelve fires. Property damage came close to \$3,000,000; at least 40 carloads of glass will be needed to replace shattered storefronts. Two men were shot dead. At that, Montreal was probably lucky to escape as lightly as it did.

The immediate cause of the outburst was a strike for more pay staged by the city's cops and firemen. There were far deeper causes as well. The happy glow cast by Expo 67 has faded. Separatists advocating an independent Que-

bec fact that they are prohibited from serving Montreal's airport, they led a crowd of several hundred to storm the garage of the Murray Hill Limousine Service Ltd., which has the lucrative franchise. Buses were overturned and set ablaze. From nearby rooftops, snipers' shots rang out. A handful of frightened Quebec provincial police, called in to help maintain order, stood by helplessly. One was shot in the back by a sniper and died.

The crowd, augmented by other opportunists, moved through downtown Montreal, burning and looting. Rioters stormed into the swanky Queen Elizabeth Hotel, then moved on to the nearby Windsor Hotel and nearly wrecked Mayor Jean Drapeau's newly opened restaurant. Expensive shops along St. Cath-



LOOTERS RAID MONTREAL STORE
Not enough pay for the kicking, stoning and bashing.

bec have ignited a series of violent demonstrations and bomb explosions. A continuing fiscal crisis—caused in part by the heavy expense of keeping a section of Expo open—has alienated Montrealers from their political leaders. The city's police were particularly angry because their Toronto counterparts receive more pay for less dangerous work. When the city offered the police an increase that still left them \$800 short of Toronto's basic \$9,200-a-year scale, the cops struck. As an Ottawa official put it: "The people who had been kicking them and stoning them and bashing them over the head weren't paying them enough for it."

Off the Beat. One morning last week, the 8 a.m. police shift went off to the Paul Sauvé Arena to argue strike tactics instead of reporting to their beats. Suddenly the city was left unguarded. By 11:20 a.m., the first bank robbery had occurred. By noon shops began to close, and banks shut their doors to all except old customers. Early in the evening, a group of taxi drivers added to the confusion. Protesting

erine's Street were hit by looters. On the city's outskirts, burglars went to work; one was shot dead by a doctor in his suburban home.

Running Amok. Belatedly, the Quebec provincial government called out 600 infantrymen and 300 Royal Canadian Mounted Police. It also rammed through an emergency law ordering police and firemen back to duty by midnight under threat of heavy penalties, including fines of up to \$100 a day per striker. Soon after midnight, the cops began reappearing, made more than 60 arrests.

To Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, the trouble in Montreal was "part of a total society which is running amok . . . I am not saying the upsurge of violence is a Montreal phenomenon. It is a modern-day phenomenon." On Montreal's Black Tuesday, however, it was a relatively small band of thugs, militant students and separatists that caused most of the damage. Only when the looting began did other, less committed opportunists join in. Ordinary citizens amused themselves chiefly by running red lights—but nothing more.

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ENVIRONMENT

AIR POLLUTION

Toward a Cleaner Car

Most of the smog that shrouds U.S. cities is belched by the internal combustion engine. The surest solution would be to ban all cars from cities—a proposal that actually passed the California state senate in July before it was killed in a house committee. Another is to build fume-free auto engines run by electricity or even nuclear power. But none of this is likely to delight Detroit automakers or the politically potent oil industry. Is there any compromise solution?

Perhaps. Taking a tip from the oilfields, where pumps are powered by natural gas, the Los Angeles-based Pacific Lighting Service Co. has applied the same principle to auto engines. After yearlong tests of six cars and trucks fueled by natural gas, the company reports a dramatic decrease in air pollution. Because natural gas burns cleanly, the vehicles emitted almost no hydrocarbons. Measuring the emissions with infra-red light, engineers found that carbon monoxide in the exhaust fell from 28 grams per mile with gasoline to 2 with natural gas; nitrous oxides dropped from 4 grams to .5. Already the company has started converting 1,100 other vehicles in its fleet to natural gas. Last month the Federal Government began testing the Pacific Lighting system for possible use on its own 51,000 vehicles.

More Mileage. In switching cars to natural gas, the big advantage is that the internal-combustion engine can be retained. The only requirement is a natural-gas mixer that fits on top of the carburetor and feeds the new fuel to the present combustion chambers. A dashboard control permits the driver to switch from natural gas in polluted areas to regular gasoline on the open road. With natural gas, the company claims, engine oil lasts up to a year, sparkplugs fire for 50,000 miles, and valve jobs are usually unnecessary. Better yet, 100 cu. ft. of natural gas gives about 15% more mileage than a gallon of gasoline and costs about 63% less.

Despite these advantages, Detroit is skeptical. Though General Motors has offered conversion units for the past year, it has sold only a few—mainly to truckers in the South, where natural gas is plentiful. For motorists, the Pacific Lighting system has not solved a key problem: the bulky gas cylinders require most of a car's trunk space. The \$300 charge for converting a car to natural gas is also likely to deter all but ardent conservationists. Still, the prospect of greater operating economy could attract fleet owners, start mass production, and eventually lower the conversion charge. If all U.S. vehicles ran on natural gas, its advocates claim, smog could be reduced by as much as 90%.

WILDLIFE

The Beat of Passing Wings

Golden-Cheeked Warbler (Dendroica chrysoparia). Found only in the cedar-clad hills of the Edwards Plateau. Habitat: cedars, oaks; also streamside trees. —The Birds of Texas

Soon this small bird, native only to Texas, may be just a footnote in an ornithology textbook—another species that failed to adapt to man. One of its last retreats is Meridian State Park, a 461-acre tangle of cedar breaks and cactus populated by rattlesnakes, red-spotted toads, tarantulas and a steady flock of hardy bird watchers who come to catch a glimpse of the warbler. Now the local Lakeview Recreation Association plans to build a nine-hole golf course right in the middle of the warbler's nesting ground.

The only thing between the bulldozer

A FIELD CLOSE TO THE BIRDS OF TEXAS. ARDEN FRY PETERSEN



DENDROICA CHRYSOPARIA

Danger in the bulldozer and the bombshell.

and the birds is a suit filed by an odd coalition of six conservation groups and the N.A.A.C.P. Seeking a federal court injunction, they charge that the golf course would be *de facto* segregated because few local Negroes could afford the \$100-a-year membership, plus fees. The case will be heard this month, but thus far the vision of green fairways seems to outrank either the black man's cause or the yellow bird's fate.

Tale of a Snail

Before flying home from a Hawaiian vacation with his family in 1966, a five-year-old Miami boy packed some unusual souvenirs. Hawaii's pest-control agents waved the lad through Honolulu International Airport—never suspecting that he was lugging three brown-shelled snails. Soon after reaching home, his mother ordered him to toss the creatures into his backyard. What he tossed was an ecological bombshell. Innocently, the boy had introduced into the mainland U.S. a ferociously fertile predator: *Achatina fulica*, more commonly known as the giant African land snail.

By now, at least 20,000 of the fist-size mollusks infest a 50-acre residential section of North Miami; more have been spotted in Hollywood ten miles to the north. Tough, ravenous creatures,

whose original home is East Africa, they have chewed up large stretches of grass, stripped the bark off trees, feasted on citrus plants and even devoured paint off buildings—a handy source of calcium for snails' shells.

Uphill Fight. North Miami can no longer walk across their lawns without crunching shells underfoot, and the snail outbreak may get still worse. Endowed with both male and female reproductive organs, the hermaphroditic snail multiplies at a phenomenal rate. In his authoritative study *The Giant African Snail*, University of Arizona Malacologist Albert R. Mead calculates that a single animal could theoretically produce 8 billion descendants in three years. Such spectacular proliferation requires a huge food supply—for example, Florida's luxuriant cash crops.

State pest-controllers are mobilizing against the marching marauders, but they face an uphill fight. *Achatina*, whose

WILL LANDERS—WISNY, WISNY



ACHATINA FULICA

body can grow as long as a foot, has so few natural enemies that it can roam almost anywhere. Plagued by other recent invaders—the Bufo toad from Central America and the Asian walking catfish—Florida biologists are reluctant to import any anti-snail predators, such as the India glowworm, the hermit crab, or even more Bufo, which are known to feed on the young snails. Instead, they have begun careful spraying with insecticide (granules of metaldehyde mixed with tricalcium arsenide). So far, the chemical warfare seems effective. But the snail threat will not abate until the last *Achatina* is vanquished—which is hardly an immediate prospect.

RESOURCES

Grass-Roots Conservation

It would be worth the while if in each town there were a committee appointed to see that the beauty of the town received no detriment.

—Henry David Thoreau

Thoreau's vision is alive and well in seven Northeastern states, where 581 municipalities have started "conservation commissions" that are fast becoming the most effective new arm of local government. Each commission has five

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THE LAW

JUDGES

The Haynsworth Record

Many informed critics of Clement Haynsworth's nomination to the Supreme Court argue that he is perhaps being opposed for the wrong reasons. Despite the Senate flap over his financial dealings, some of Haynsworth's detractors are more upset about his judicial decisions than his judicial ethics. They charge that he has too often been a standpat, antiliberal jurist during his twelve years on the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fourth Circuit. While his record in criminal cases has gone virtually unchallenged, on two other fronts—civil rights and labor cases—critics are concerned about a number of Haynsworth opinions. A chronological look at some that they find troubling:

Civil Rights

1962. Like many Southern cities in the early '60s, Charlottesville, Va., devised a school-zoning plan that produced *de facto* segregation. Elementary school pupils were assigned to neighborhood schools, but if members of their race were in the minority, they could transfer to schools where their own race was predominant. In effect, white students were invited to stay in white schools. When his court outlawed the practice as an evasion, Haynsworth joined in a dissent, arguing that the Constitution does not bar "the exercise of the personal tastes of the races in their associations." Later, the U.S. Supreme Court unanimously rejected such transfer plans on the ground that they obviously perpetuate segregated schools.

1963. For four years, Virginia's Prince Edward County had closed its public schools to avoid integration. Instead, white private schools were set up and carried on with the help of public funds. Negroes sued to reopen the public schools. When the case reached Haynsworth's court, he waited eight months before writing a majority opinion that told the Negroes to wait for state court decisions before asking for federal court action. In dissent, one of Haynsworth's fellow judges called the situation "a truly shocking example of the law's delays." The U.S. Supreme Court unanimously reversed Haynsworth's decision, saying: "We hold that the issues here imperatively call for decision now."

1963. Haynsworth's court decided that Negro doctors and patients were the victims of discrimination at two private hospitals in Greensboro, N.C. Because the Constitution does not cover purely private discrimination, Haynsworth argued, the court could do nothing for the plaintiffs. But a majority of his colleagues held that it could, emphasizing that the Government had partly financed the hospitals, which thus subjected them to constitutional safeguards against discrimination.

1965. When Negro pupils sued the Richmond school board to desegregate teachers—in addition to students—a 3-to-2 majority of Haynsworth's court held upon appeal that a lower court did not have to consider the claim. Writing for the majority, Haynsworth said that the pupils had failed to show that teacher assignments based on race "effect a denial of their constitutional rights." Again, a unanimous Supreme Court reversed.

1967. All over the South in the late '60s, school boards set up "freedom of choice" plans that ostensibly freed Negroes to switch to white schools. In fact, many Negro children either were afraid to make the change or were pres-



HAYNSWORTH & WIFE

The decisions more than the ethics.

sured to stay in black schools, thus creating *de facto* segregation under the guise of law. In a key decision that dealt with Virginia's New Kent County, Haynsworth upheld a form of the practice. In a unanimous reversal, the U.S. Supreme Court called the plan "intolerable" and ruled that the burden to desegregate was not on the students, but on the board itself.

Labor

Organized labor's opposition to Haynsworth has been led by A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany, who cites seven labor cases, all reversed by the Supreme Court, as evidence of Haynsworth's antilabor position. His record, says Meany, "is one of insensitivity to the needs and aspirations of workers." Among Haynsworth's labor rulings:

1961. After walking off their jobs to protest the extreme cold where they worked, seven Baltimore machinists

were fired by their employer, the Washington Aluminum Co. Haynsworth concurred in a majority opinion that the men had been discharged "for cause." The decision was unanimously reversed by the Supreme Court.

1963. In South Carolina, the Textile Workers Union of America had won an election at a previously nonunion mill operated by the Darlington Manufacturing Co. In response, Darlington closed the mill, laying off 500 employees. Haynsworth concurred in a majority opinion that the company had a right to close out "a part or all" of its business, whether or not its motive was antunion. In overturning the decision, the Supreme Court ruled unanimously that a partial closing of a business is unfair if the purpose and probable effect are to "chill unionism" in the employer's remaining plants.

1967. Haynsworth wrote the majority opinion in a case concerning whether the signing of union-authorization cards by a majority of workers in a company was sufficient to entitle the union to bargain for the employees, or if representation could only be established through an election. Haynsworth declared that authorization cards were "not a reliable indication of the employees' wishes" and concluded that in all but exceptional cases, a secret election must be held. In three succeeding cases, Haynsworth joined his court in finding no such "exceptional" circumstances, even though it agreed with the National Labor Relations Board that there was evidence of intimidation by the employers. The court refused to enforce the N.L.R.B.'s orders to the employers to recognize and bargain with the unions. The Supreme Court reversed all three cases.

Although nothing is more unreliable than predictions of how a Supreme Court appointee will perform in the future, Haynsworth's judicial record, taken together with his ethical record, strikes many observers as inadequate for an era of both social protest and progress. Last week that view seemed partly to motivate a growing number of Haynsworth opponents in the Senate, especially those whose constituents include thousands of Negroes and union members.

PRIVACY

Telltale Trash

Interpreting the Fourth Amendment is a task to turn judges into metaphysicians. How, for example, does the guarantee against "unreasonable searches and seizures" apply to a citizen's garbage?

In Highgrove, Calif., last winter, a neighbor tipped the police that Mr. and Mrs. Robert Edwards had on their back porch a suspicious package containing "a dark green vegetable substance that appeared similar to alfalfa but did not smell like alfalfa." Without a search warrant, the police rummaged in the Edwardses' backyard trash cans and found a few pinches of pot. They forced their

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Mercury Cyclone GT is the street machine that looks race-ready. With unique running lamps, concealed headlights, sporty hood scoop, hi-back buckets, remote control outside mirror, and a 351 cubic-inch V-8 engine. If this isn't enough action for you, come give our other Cyclones a whirl. One's an unusually low-priced

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No flashbulbs ever. The electronic flash head recharges automatically, storing energy to light 60-second pictures with brilliant 1/1000th of a second bursts.

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Instantly, the signal light and a rising sound tell you the flash is building energy. A light starts flashing, and the sound switches to a *boop...boop...*

You are now ready to shoot up to 40 flash pictures, without stopping to put in a flashbulb.

As you focus, louvers in the flash unit automatically adjust to deliver the exact amount of light you need. You depress the shutter and *zoing!* the strobe

releases a 1/1000th of a second burst of light, fast enough to freeze a bird in flight (see right) or catch a splash in a baby's bath.

You pull the film packet out of the camera. Automatically, an electronic timer is activated and the timer light goes on. The instant the print is perfectly developed, the light goes out and the timer goes *beeeeeeeep*.

Now: peel off your picture. Perfectly exposed. Perfectly developed. And all you did was aim and shoot!

You'll never have to use another flashbulb. (So you'll never run out of them!) After you've taken 5 film packs (40 shots), the electronic strobe recharges itself on house cur-



As you focus, louvers adjust automatically to insure correct light intensity.

rent, automatically. Fifteen minutes and you can shoot another pack. One hour and it's recharged. When you're not using it, just keep the flash unit plugged in, like your electric toothbrush.

Best of all, The 360 gives you

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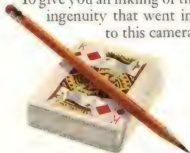
pictures perfectly, then recharges itself.

the freedom to shoot when the moment is right.

You'll take wonderfully spontaneous pictures. No more wooden friends and relatives. You'll never have to ask your

You set the timer correctly and let it worry.

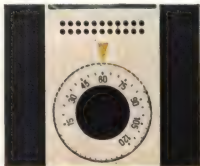
To give you an inkling of the ingenuity that went into this camera:



Electronic circuits reduced in size from a pack of cards to a pencil point.

In the timer, the shutter and the flash unit are circuits containing transistors, resistors and other electronic components. Each would normally fill a space as large as a deck of cards. In The 360, they have been reduced to tiny chips of plastic-covered silicon less than 1/32 of an inch square—about the width of a pencil point.

This Polaroid Land camera has a Zeiss Ikon range- and viewfinder. Triplet lens. Four



Electronic timer sounds off the instant your print is perfectly developed.

film-speed settings. Two exposure ranges for color, two for black-and-white. It can take Polaroid camera attachments for close-ups and portraits. It has a tripod socket. And instant pack-film loading.

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20% bracket?**



**This reminder of your financial status is brought to you,
with ulterior motives, by Chivas Regal.**



DUSTIN HOFFMAN IN "JIMMY SHINE"
A man's garbage is his castle.

way into the house, arrested the couple and proceeded to search the premises until, they claimed later, they found caches of marijuana and LSD. After the defendants were each sentenced to between one and ten years, they were released on bail pending appeal.

Key Standard. By a unanimous vote, the California Supreme Court has just reversed the convictions. The judges ruled that the Fourth Amendment protects a man's trash can as well as his home because the can is "an adjunct of the domestic economy." Equally important, the judges pointed out that the Fourth Amendment has been interpreted as protecting "people, not places." The key standard is a citizen's "reasonable expectation of privacy." As long as he has reason to assume that he is in a private place, the police normally cannot invade his privacy and seize evidence without a search warrant.

As the court saw it, the Edwardses obviously assumed that their trash cans were private. Said the court: "We can readily ascribe many reasons why residents would not want their castaway clothing, letters, medicine bottles and other telltale refuse and trash to be examined by neighbors or others."

If the Edwardses are retried, suggested the court, the state must show that the evidence seized in the search of their house was not the "fruit" of the unlawful search of their trash. To use this evidence, the state will have to prove that the police would have been interested in the couple's activities even without the telltale trash, and also had other probable cause to arrest them. In addition, the Edwardses could benefit if a U.S. Supreme Court decision of last June (*Chimel v. California*) is ever made retroactive. In *Chimel*, the court restricted policemen making arrests to searches of the suspect's person or the "area under his immediate control."

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**The
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will stay
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longer.**

SPORT

FOOTBALL

The Four Norsemen

Jim Marshall is a man of considerable enterprise. He skydives and sells portable telephones; he used to peddle wigs and manage a rock group called Danny's Reasons. He also has a less frivolous job. Every Sunday afternoon he and the other three behemoths who make up the Minnesota Viking defensive line terrorize National Football League quarterbacks. "Our job," says Marshall, "is to meet at the quarterback." He

sure, Johnny U. completed only eight of 22 passes. Meanwhile Joe Kapp, Minnesota's quarterback, fired seven touchdown passes to tie the pro record, as the Vikings humiliated the favored Colts 52-14. Afterward, a bemused Unitas, who has had to stand up to the "Fearsome Foursome" of the Los Angeles Rams on numerous occasions, stated unequivocally that the Viking rush was the toughest he has ever seen.

The Viking front four have even reached the sobriquet stage: the Four Norsemen (something of a misnomer,

back fumbled when Eller belted him, and another Viking defender recovered the loose ball).

The iron man who makes it all work is Marshall (6 ft. 5 in., 250 lbs.), a ten-year veteran who has run up an incredible streak of 159 consecutive games. "What Jim Marshall gets paid for," says Holway, "is to rush the passer, and that is what he does best. He has a quality of balance as great as any man I've ever seen."

In a game dominated by passers who throw with pinpoint accuracy, and receivers who can cover 100 yds. in well under ten seconds, a fast and aggressive defensive line has become an absolute prerequisite to victory. If Marshall and his fellow ersatz Norsemen can sustain their brutal brand of trench warfare, the Vikings may have a crack at the N.F.L. title that has so far eluded them.

BASEBALL

Return to Myth

"We're No. 1!" The chant began in Shea Stadium's leftfield grandstand. It rolled across the box seats and into the rightfield bleachers as New York Pitcher Nolan Ryan retired one after another Atlanta batter. Then, as 53,195 Met fans rose to their feet, Ryan got Tony Gonzalez, the last Brave hitter, to ground out. The New York Mets, those surrogates of the sorely afflicted, who in seven years lost 737 games and finished a total of 2881 games out of first place, had defeated Atlanta 7-4 to sweep the playoff series and become champions of the National League. Even Hank Aaron, the Braves' venerable superstar, began believing. "You know," said Aaron, "the Mets really are amazing."

The Mets are amazing indeed, but they still must defeat the powerful, seasoned Baltimore Orioles in the World Series this week to prove they are No. 1. The Orioles coasted to the American League's Eastern Division title by 19 games, while racking up 109 victories, nine more than the Mets and only two shy of the major-league record. To beat them, the harum-scurum young Mets may have to rediscover the good-pitch, punch-hit style that carried them to the Eastern Division championship.

The primary source of Met strength this year lay in the fluid arms of Pitchers Tom Seaver (season record: 25-7) and Jerry Koosman (17-9), who were backed up by a supporting cast of splendid young hurlers. But with the exception of Ryan, the 22-year-old rightlander who tossed seven innings of brilliant baseball in the final game, the pitchers were way below par during the playoffs. In the first two games Seaver and Koosman compiled embarrassing earned-run averages of 6.43 and 11.56.

If their pitching falters once more, the Mets will have to repeat the devastating demonstration of power they displayed during the Atlanta series. While the Met pitching staff was being roughed up by the hard-hitting Braves,



VIKING HEROES ON THE BENCH*
The quarterback is where they all come together.

and his fellow Vikings do just that—as violently and efficiently as any front-line foursome in the game. They are the chief reason why the Vikings moved into a first-place tie last week in the N.F.L.'s rugged Central Division.

When Bart Starr, the cool, competent Green Bay quarterback, led his rejuvenated Packers against Minnesota last week, he absorbed as pitiless a beating as any he has received in 14 years of N.F.L. play. The Packers never really got off the ground. Time after time Marshall and his fellow marauders—Gary Larsen, Alan Page and Carl Eller—blasted through the Green Bay line to dump Starr or force him to throw hurried, errant passes. Starr's longest completion of the day went for only 13 yds., and he was leveled eight times by the Viking line for a total loss of 63 yds. The Viking line also forced two fumbles and a pass interception that led to the only Minnesota touchdown of the afternoon. Final score: Minnesota 19 (including four field goals), Green Bay 7.

The previous week the Vikings treated Baltimore's ancient wizard, Johnny Unitas, no better. Under constant pres-

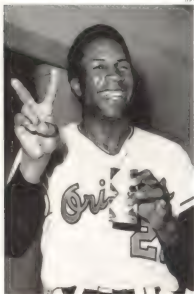
sure, three of the men are Negroes, and only Larsen is of Danish extraction. The key to their success is their cohesive style of play. "They are a highly disciplined group," says Line Coach Bob Holway. "They don't go crashing all over, each one trying to do the whole job himself. They have a great respect for each other's abilities, and they complement one another perfectly."

Incredible Streak. The strongman of the line is Larsen (6 ft. 5 in., 255 lbs.); his forte is an explosive initial charge that sends offensive blockers reeling. That opens the way for Page (6 ft. 4 in., 250 lbs.) and Eller (6 ft. 6 in., 255 lbs.). Both are extremely quick and boast exceptional agility. Eller, who supplanted Green Bay's Willie Davis as All-Pro end last year, is one of the fastest men in the game for his size. Against the Packers, he taught Running Back Donny Anderson from behind on a power sweep to the opposite side of the field. Anderson was in the clear and might have gone all the way. But the startled

* From left: Jim Marshall, Carl Eller, Gary Larsen, Alan Page.

Met batsmen took up the slack with muscular aplomb. The club's big guns, Outfielders Cleon Jones and Tommie Agee, blasted three home runs and eight R.B.I.s between them; Rightfielder Art Shamsky batted .538 for the series. Overall statistics: 27 runs, 37 hits (including six home runs) and a phenomenal team batting average of .327.

Transformation. For all that, the Mets have never faced an outfit as tough as the Orioles. Man for man, the Birds are probably the finest baseball team since the New York Yankee juggernauts of the '50s. In their playoff series with Minnesota, they broke the Twins' spirit by taking two extra-inning contests, 4-3



FRANK ROBINSON IN LOCKER ROOM

Profit no matter what.

and 1-0, then belted 18 hits as they rolled through the final game 11-2 for a swift playoff sweep. The Oriole pitching staff, headed by Mike Cuellar (23-11), Dave McNally (20-7) and Jim Palmer (16-4), is far superior to Atlanta's. And the team boasts such established stars as Outfielder Frank Robinson, Third Baseman Brooks Robinson and First Baseman Boog Powell, who helped the Orioles build a solid .265 batting average for the season.

Whatever happens to the Mets this week, baseball is sure to profit by their stunning success during the season. All through the '60s, baseball has been on the verge of transforming itself from the national pastime into the national bore; it has lost considerable stature as the more colorful and violent games of hockey and football have won increasing prominence. But with one brave stroke, the 1969 Mets reversed that trend. Their own exhilarating transformation from hopeless clowns to heroic champions has extricated baseball from its beer-and-TV tawdriness and elevated it to the realm of myth it occupied long, long ago.

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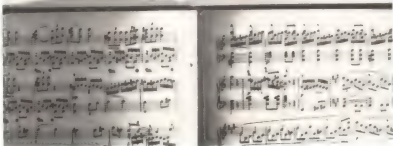
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EDUCATION

ACADEMIC FREEDOM The Case of Angela the Red

As TV news cameras ground away, an overflow audience of 2,000 students, professors and curiosity-seekers jammed Royce Hall at the University of California at Los Angeles last week for the first meeting of Philosophy 99—Recurring Philosophical Themes in Black Literature. When the lecturer took the podium, the audience stood up and cheered. The center of all this attention was Angela Davis, 25, a militant black and an acting assistant professor of philosophy at U.C.L.A. She is the heroine in what is fast becoming California's most dramatic row over academic freedom since the loyalty-oath fight in the early 1950s.

Old Men, Old Issues. Some such row has seemed inevitable since last April, when the university's regents gave themselves veto power over faculty tenure appointments. Later they tried to soothe irked professors by vowing that "no political tests shall ever be considered" in faculty hiring and promotion. But last month, despite that vow, the regents voted to fire Professor Davis—a Brandeis Phi Beta Kappa, a protégée of New Left philosopher Herbert Marcuse and a onetime Black Panther—because she is, by her own admission, a member of the Communist Party. For the moment, she is being allowed to give non-credit lectures pending the outcome of her appeal to a faculty committee on privilege and tenure.

In justifying their decision to fire Professor Davis, the regents reached all the way back to a 1940 resolution, reaffirmed in 1949, that bars Communist Party members from the faculty. Under Governor Ronald Reagan's leadership, they chose to overlook more recent rulings by both the California and U.S. Supreme Courts holding that mere membership in the Communist Party does not disqualify a professor from teaching in a state university; specific intent to carry out the party's unlawful aims must be shown. Equally remarkable, the regents ignored the advice of U.C.L.A. Chancellor Charles Young, who opposed the firing from the beginning. "A bunch of old men raising old issues, saying they believe in law and order and doing illegal acts," said Fred Dutton, 46, one of the few dissenting regents.

The Davis firing has brought the U.C.L.A. faculty and administration into open rebellion against the regents' Reagan-dominated majority. At a recent emergency meeting, the faculty overwhelmingly condemned the regents' action as illegal and an infringement on academic freedom. Many feared that the firing may blunt the school's drive to recruit black faculty members, who presently number 25 in a full-time staff of 1,500. Warned the professors: "If a



PROFESSOR DAVIS

Most dramatic row since the loyalty oath.

faculty member can be fired for entertaining radically divergent views about the structure of our society and the solutions to its problems, this recruitment program will become a mockery." Risking his job, Chancellor Young backed up his professors, calling the Angela Davis case "a problem of the greatest gravity—perhaps the most serious yet in a series of difficulties which have confronted this academic community."

Backfire. Three professors and two students have gone into court seeking a judgment that the firing is unconstitutional. Increasingly disillusioned with the regents' interference, the associate dean of the Graduate School of Business Administration, Frederic Meyers, has resigned his post rather than risk the humiliation of serving as "mere messenger boy for the delivery of missives." A group of black faculty members have formed the Angela Davis Defense Campaign; they are planning mass campus rallies this week to discuss the situation and are urging professors on all nine campuses of the University of California to withhold fall-quarter grades until the regents restore full credit to Professor Davis' course.

In all likelihood, the dispute will not be settled until it has been argued all the way up to the U.S. Supreme Court. Meanwhile, if the regents' decision represents an effort to control what the Governor regards as a runaway state university, it seems to be backfiring. With the Angela Davis case, the regents may have pleased many California voters, but they have also handed campus activists an explosive new issue that seems destined to haunt the University of California—and the Governor—for some time to come.

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MUSIC

SINGERS

A Joyful Happening

In *Alice's Restaurant*, Arlo Guthrie tells the tale of how he once took a sack of garbage to the dump in Stockbridge, Mass., was arrested for littering, and wound up, much to his joy, rejected by the draft—because he had a police record. Ever since, Arlo has had an abiding belief in the benign power of fate. When he was married last week, the day had been carefully selected in advance by a medium in New York.

Sure enough, the rain had stopped



ARLO & JACKIE GUTHRIE
Faith in the power of puppies.

the night before, the sky was blue, and the autumn sun was shining brightly through the red-on-red trees. Arlo saw to it that nobody bothered the pack of mongrel puppies that scampered freely among the guests. "One of my mystical friends told me that one of these puppies will some day save the life of one of my children," he explained. "I don't know which one it is, so I have to take care of all of them."

Other than that, things were joyfully permissive as Arlo, now 22, was wedded to Jackie Hyde, 24, a gentle, lovely blonde from California. The event took place right in the middle of Arlo's hilltop meadow in the Berkshires of western Massachusetts. "It was the kind of wedding," a friend said, "where nothing could go wrong. If it did, it was incorporated into the proceedings." Arlo's mother, the widow of the great dust-bowl folk singer Woody Guthrie, and 40 or so friends and relatives came up from New York by special bus. The bus was late, and could not make it up the last hill. No matter. Everybody, including Justice of the Peace Donald M. Feder, just waited happily, drinking

champagne or beer and eating Alice Brock's shrimp curry, turkey and roast beef, the same kind she used to serve in her restaurant in nearby Stockbridge. Arlo's hippie friends wandered to and fro, the girls in their gowns and see-through blouses, the boys in beads and boots. "I feel like a flower child," said Arlo's mother. "You look like a flower child," replied Arlo.

Sweet Fruit. For the ceremony, Jackie and Arlo placed crowns (plastic) of stephanotis and ivy leaves in their hair, and were attired in fairyland white—the bride in a shimmering velvet gown and train with lace trim, the bridegroom in a puffed-sleeve shirt and bell-bottom trousers. While the dogs barked a processional, Folk Singer Judy Collins sang Leonard Cohen's *Suzanne* ("She's touched your perfect body with her mind"). Arlo's mother read a poem that Woody, who died in 1967, had written years ago for his son's wedding: "May your gladness ripen as a yellow sweet fruit and the radiance of your thinking invigorate the world." After the ceremony and a kiss, Arlo led the entire wedding party of 150 in his favorite hymn, *Amazing Grace—How Sweet the Sound*. Then everybody lined up to kiss the bride, who may have silently reflected on a fateful day last year when she told Joady Guthrie that she was going to marry his brother Arlo and would he please introduce them.

As for Arlo, he wandered off with a guest talking about a tree house he wanted to build in the woods. *Alice's Restaurant*, the Arthur Penn movie based on his song, had opened the night before in nearby Pittsfield and had been roundly snarled at by two local critics. If Arlo knew, he didn't care. He was a married man now, and what mattered was taking care of the roses, buying a plow for his four-wheel-drive truck and rounding up those puppies.

OPERA

A New Lucia

For a swimmer, it's the Olympics or the English Channel. For an actor it is Hamlet. But for a coloratura soprano, the pinnacle and challenge was and is Gaetano Donizetti's *Lucia de Lammermoor*. It is an opera whose trills, turns and top tones defy the deftest voices. The stilted dramaturgy of the libretto can reduce the most colorful actress to a drab cardboard gray.

Why the opera at all? Because when *Lucia* is sung brilliantly, it is an unparalleled showpiece for great singing. New York has heard nearly every soprano of importance attempt *Lucia*—from Adelina Patti to Maria Callas and Joan Sutherland. Most of them have played the role as a fluttering, chirping simpleton. Callas made *Lucia* into a figure of high tragedy, but sang with disillusioning unevenness; Sutherland sang it sumptuously, but her acting was

merely studious when it should have been spellbinding.

Last week at the New York City Opera, it was Beverly Sills' turn. She had a bad cold. Charles Wilson's conducting only occasionally rose to something that resembled authority. Nothing seemed able to shock Tenor Michele Molese and Baritone Dominic Cossa into dramatic vitality. Nevertheless, under the direction of Tito Capobianca, the whole production drew a mounting, cohesive strength from Sills.

Tall, strawberry blonde, with a towering command of the stage, she portrayed Lucia as a strong-willed girl who fights her tormentors every note of the way. Helped by an absolutely uncut ver-



SOPRANO SILLS
Display case for the artillery.

sion of Donizetti's score, she progressed from matter-of-fact girlishness through angry submission to a raging, cataclysmic Mad Scene.

Every action was motivated, every sound made sense. Even the customarily foolish flute cadenzas were transformed into an eloquent cascade of accusation, bitter mockery and, finally, deranged wailing. The voice sparkled and soared, flicking through the florid intricacies of the music with the phenomenal speed and accuracy that have made Sills one of the most spectacular singers in the world. When the last high E-flat had died away and Lucia had toppled in death, the benefit audience, many of whom had paid \$100 for their seats, shouted and clapped for seven minutes while Beverly Sills paced before the curtain, perspiring with a 103° temperature and happily dodging bouquets of roses.

For the latest—and perhaps the greatest—*Lucia*, it was certainly the well-earned triumph of a long and tortuous career. And opera lovers are now speculating with awe just what wonders Sills may perform in future *Lucias*—singing without a cold.



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THE THEATER



KING & SCHELL (CENTER) IN "PATRIOT"
Sick of the present but dead in the past.

NEW PLAYS

Viennese Drag

John Osborne's obsession, his master theme and his greatest gift to the theater are one and the same—himself. When his nerves begin humming like high-tension wires, when he takes his emotional temperature every other minute, when he steps into the spotlight and throws a night-long temper tantrum, the dramatic results are explosively and corrosively alive. Whether it be Jimmy Porter (*Look Back in Anger*), or Archie Rice (*The Entertainer*), or Bill Maitland (*Inadmissible Evidence*), Osborne's personal mouthpiece always screams out his rage, scorn, self-pity and impotence so that an audience is held in a vise of attention. What Osborne has been able to find in himself is an astonishingly concrete symbol of the times. As Mary McCarthy once noted, "Although Osborne is no thinker, he understands the present very well, which is why he is sick of it."

When he gets sufficiently sick of himself and the present, he goes rummaging through history for one of his case-book period pieces like *Luther*, and now *A Patriot for Me*. The plays are seriously defective—partly because Osborne's own voice is badly muffled, and partly because he cannot work up the passion to breathe an inner life into these works. A further drawback is that he has a high-school-pageant idea of history. Everything moves episodically, in jerky vignettes, with time as a cardboard backdrop. The characters are not immersed in history, they merely wear it like a costume.

A Patriot for Me spans the years 1890 to 1913 in the officer corps of the decaying Austro-Hungarian Empire.

Lieutenant Alfred Redl (Maximilian Schell) is a kind of self-made upstart in the imperial army, with such class handicaps as a railway-clerk father. By dint of hard work and undemonstrated brilliance, Redl rises to high military and social rank and becomes deputy chief of the army's espionage service. Sexually, he undergoes a kind of moral regress. A disinclination to make love to women awakens him to his own homosexuality. As an ever more active queer, he is blackmailed by Russian intelligence into turning traitor. At play's end, he is exposed, presented with a pistol, and shoots himself.

Niagara from a Faucet. Unless Osborne means to suggest that homosexuals are poor security risks (pace Joe McCarthy), the play is baffling. An entirely incredible epilogue links Redl to the murder of Archduke Franz Ferdinand, to World War I and everything that followed—which is rather like getting Niagara Falls out of a leaky faucet.

While Osborne attempts to be scrupulously fair on the subject of homosexuality, he also exhibits a certain squeamish distaste for the subject. The evening's *coup de théâtre* is the drag ball that opens Act II. Lavishly costumed for a kind of inverts' Mardi Gras, the imperial army's top officers cavort in the home of the Baron von Epp. Dennis King plays the role in tux and gown, and flutters an imperious fan with the regal disdain of a queen of players. At no other point does the play rise to this level of theatricality. Salome Jens adorns the evening physically as a Russian Mata Hari, but she delivers her lines like a fishwife. As for Maximilian Schell, he is frostily remote. Director Peter Glenville doubtless tried to coax some emotion

out of Schell, but he might as well have pleaded with a two-by-four.

Osborne's constant concerns are present—male camaraderie, an outcast's attempt to crash a caste system, scorn for a decadent elite—but in *A Patriot for Me*, they appear like footnotes on a blank page. History may be his favorite reading, but drama is no pastime art. Osborne's dramatic destiny is clear, demanding and inescapable. He alone can and must be the life of his plays.

Fall of the House of Carney

The death knell of the realistic play is sounded every season, and each season some play refutes it. *A Whistle in the Dark* is just such a drama. It is full of the rude poetry of the commonplace. It states truths about human nature that one would rather forget, and reminds one that being born human is the ultimate crisis of every man.

One of the pressure points of that crisis is the family. The Carneys are a pride of Irish gutter lions. The father is a drunkard, a bully and a braggart. When his boys were small children, he routed them out of bed at 2 or 3 a.m. and set them to clouting each other till they collapsed. Bred to the tooth and the claw, three of the sons live as pimps, loats and barflies. A fourth son, Michael, flees this world of lacerating animal instinct. He settles in Coventry, marries an English girl and opts for a life of decency, order and reason. But the clan Carney moves in with him like blood-sucking Furies.

Paralyzed by Inadequacy. This is where the play actually begins, and the events that follow have resonances of *The Homecoming*—though Irish playwright Thomas Murphy's play was produced four years before Pinter's. The brothers make passes at Michael's wife and even suggest using his home as a whorehouse. Michael is faced down, raged at and humiliated by his father, who is a perfect blend of aging bull and undiminished blarney. Michael's



ELLIOTT (RIGHT) IN "WHISTLE"
Awful but not all bad.

wife urges him to stand up for his rights. But he is paralyzed by a nagging sense of masculine inadequacy.

As the evening builds to a tragic climax, a melancholy sense of the doom-ing, repetitive quality of family life patterns grows with it. The playgoer is invaded and disturbed by a sense of the lost ifs that determine people's lives. If the father had not been an alcoholic, if some rays of civilized light had filtered into the Carney home, if brute passions could be confined to the brutes, if, if, if—a lament for humanity's near misses at achieving humanity. For awful as they are, the Carneys are not all bad. They have courage, they are loyal, they tell the truth, insofar as they can see it. Their destiny is not to be evil but to be unable to mobilize and release the good qualities that they have in them. It is the playwright's essential fairness and depth of understanding of this plight that give *A Whistle in the Dark* its strength, wisdom and broody disconcerting beauty.

The performances are all labors of skill and love. For a flawless delineation of the charm, bluster and pathos of the self-conned father, Stephen Elliott's work should be studied by any actor who ever cherished his craft. There is a silent music in Arvin Brown's direction as he moves his players through arpeggios of violence and a discriminating counterpoint of darkness and light to give a final touch of distinction to a play worthy of every tribute.

REPERTORY

Puppet Shows

The theater is the only ailing immortal. It cannot die, but it dreams incessantly of some dramatic Lourdes where the healing miracle of instant greatness will occur. In recent years, the hoped-for Lourdes has been the regional theater. It has failed to revitalize U.S. drama, even though it has provided entertaining and illuminating evenings for multitudes of people.

A significant theater seems to require the kinetic tempo, the minute-to-minute violence and conflict, the constant intellectual bombardment and diversity that can exist only in a great city. The prime fallacy behind regional theater is the notion that architecture induces art, that bricks breed genius. After more than a decade of assiduously erecting culture structures, not a single sizable talent has emerged from the regional theater. Far from assembling able dedicated ensemble companies, the regional theater has merely spawned a theatrical bureaucracy of so-so actors and so-so directors who are not above displaying a sly slapdash contempt for their so-so audiences. The rank mediocrity of most resident companies has been camouflaged by some New York drama critics, who put down Broadway commercialism and confect gorgeous fictions about the distinguished dramatic art and high esthetic integrity that they



SCENE FROM "TINY ALICE"
Bricks do not breed genius.

have discovered in Nome, Keokuk and the lower Gaspé Peninsula.

One of these much-touted troupes, San Francisco's American Conservatory Theater, has now arrived in Manhattan. ACT is distressingly average, and its three-play fare is flaccidly representative of regional-theater programming: one funny (*A Flea in Her Ear*), one classic (*The Three Sisters*) and one warmed-over Broadway Provocative (*Tiny Alice*). When he worked off-Broadway, ACT's director William Ball was a sensitive, scrupulous directorial craftsman (*Under Milk Wood*, *Ivanov*). With his own company, Ball has become a puppetmaster who makes his players dance more than they act.

As to the plays, Edward Albee's *Tiny Alice* cannot really be revived since it was never alive. The only scene with any vitality is the venomous opening interchange between a cardinal and a lawyer who were once schoolmates. The metaphorical blah about God, saintliness and martyrdom are as obfuscating as ever. On opening night, an astute 14-year-old girl summed up all that needs to be said of *Tiny Alice*: "I hate plays with hidden significance."

Like all of Chekhov, *The Three Sisters* is open to several interpretations, but to make it insipid, boring and silly requires Ball's gall as well as his company's ineptitude. As the guest director of Georges Feydeau's *A Flea in Her Ear*, Gower Champion manages to intrude defects on the play that it never possessed. Feydeau was to the French bedroom farce what Einstein was to the theory of relativity. With gimmicks and gaucherie, Champion botches all of Feydeau's intricately precise equations of who-is-sleeping-with-whom-behind-which-door? As far as ACT's trip east is concerned, a molehill has come to Mohammed.

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9. _____



President Richard M. Nixon
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BEHAVIOR

COMMUNICATION

What's in a Glance?

Two students separately enter a room and take facing seats at a table. But neither knows the other is there; an opaque screen three feet high stands between them, obscuring the view. All that each student has been told is that he will meet someone and be expected to carry on a conversation with him. All that is known about the students, as the result of previous psychological testing, is that one is more dominant a personality than the other. Abruptly, the screen is lifted, and the students confront each other across the table. Will the dominant or the submissive one avert his eyes first?

The answer, as determined by tests at England's Exeter University: the dominant subject. It is his way of signaling to another person that he is about to claim the floor, which in most cases he proceeds to do. The signal is invariably accepted by the submissive one. Behavioral scientists have long recognized the signal, as well as its application in settling the dominance issue between two strangers. But the recent Exeter experiment, conducted by Psychologist Brian Champness and reported before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, added an unexpected new dimension to this common behavior pattern.

Ten Subjects. Simply stated, it is that humans can instantly assert their place in any hierarchy by the exchange of a single glance. Champness' experiment involved ten students, five male and five female, none known to each other. In the course of the experiment, each was confronted on separate occasions with each of the other nine. Their dominant-submissive ratings had been previously established, and Champness was interested in seeing to what degree their reaction would confirm the pattern. The results fascinated him. He used a scale in which 1 equals a perfect hierarchy (everyone knows who he dominates and who dominates him) and 0 equals no hierarchy at all (nobody knows his place). On that particular scale, Champness' group of subjects rated .8, which means that in most cases their dominance or submissiveness to each of the others could be established at a glance.

That is nearly as high as hens (.9), which forge their chains of command in a way that has become a behavioral cliché—the pecking order. But it was accomplished in considerably less time than chickens normally take. The applications seem endless: say, in replenishing command vacancies in governments and armies, in selecting the properly-submissive evening companion from a cocktail-party crowd or in determining ahead of time whether you or your opponent is likely to have the upper hand in a debate.

ETHOLOGY

History and the Genes

Man is at once the product and the prisoner of his genes. Civilizations flourish and decay, like dinosaurs, in obedience to irreversible genetic decrees. All the marvelous fruits of man's distinctive intelligence, of his ascent from the apes, owe their conception not to reason but to the unreasoning mandates of heredity. The human evolutionary course is determined by the microscopic chromosomes that constitute the only true inheritance passed from one generation to the next.

These provocative opinions appear in *The Evolution of Man and Society* (George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., London), the latest book by Cyril Dean Darlington, 65, a British geneticist, Fellow of the Royal Society and Sherardian Professor of Botany at Oxford. None of these academic credentials describe Darlington's true vocation. He is an intellectual maverick, dedicated to setting the scientific Establishment on its ear. His new book is the culmination of the author's long assault on the complacent conviction, still defended by many social scientists, that man represents a kind of dead end on the evolutionary trail: a resplendent terminal species that, if not perfect, is at least complete.

Cultural Evolution. This position rests on the argument that, some 25,000 to 100,000 years ago, modern man, *Homo sapiens*, was developed by biological evolution. Since then, goes the theory, cultural evolution has taken over.

The opposite side of the argument is that culture itself is genetic—that is, hereditary. "What I am trying to say," explains the author, "is that what people call social behavior always has a bi-

ological basis. The character of individuals, families, groups, classes, nations—right underneath these things are the biological foundations." Biological evolution has not been replaced by cultural evolution; it is actually responsible for it.

Darlington states, for instance, that the incest taboo, which is not only common to all human societies but is regarded as a moral decision to avoid the hazards of inbreeding, is, in fact, instinctive. Just as evolution forbids self-pollination to the hermaphrodite flower, so evolution prohibits incest in man. "In a stable world," he writes, "[inbreeding] allows, it even guarantees, success. But in a changing world it brings disaster. For the inbred race in plants, animals or men is uniform and predictable like a variety of potato. Faced with new situations, new environments, it is quickly displaced in competition with the adaptable outbreeding races or species."


In developing this point, Darlington traces the fall of past dynasties and kingdoms. They vanished, he argues, for fundamentally the same reason: once a ruling class fixed itself in power, it sought to conserve that power by inbreeding—by denying the infusion of new genetic patterns that might have refreshed the stock. It was this habit, says Darlington, that expedited the decline of the Pharaohs, the Ptolemies and the Caesars.

"Every invention in the course of history," Darlington says, "from the first right down to the present-day computer, has required a mental effort to exploit it. It has therefore exerted a selective pressure against the less intelligent. This pressure has been responsible for the evolutionary improvement of the human species throughout time." Indeed, evolutionary chance rather than human design accounts, in Darlington's view, for the entire spectrum of human intellectual

ILLUSTRATION BY JACQUES



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Dewar's never varies.

terpreted by Attorney General John Mitchell and his trustbusters, a company needs only to have a big market in one geographic area—not in the whole nation—in order to qualify as a target. Richard McLaren, the chief U.S. trustbuster, says: "We are all subject to the law—U.S. companies and Britishers alike."

The Justice Department is still negotiating with Sohio and BP lawyers, and BP Chairman Drake predicts that the merger will yet go through. The companies might mollify the trustbusters by agreeing to sell off some of Sohio's stations in Ohio. If so, the trustbusters would have done better to negotiate such a deal privately, without announcing a prospective suit and roiling European sensitivities. That at least is the opinion at the Treasury and Commerce departments, where officials are desperately trying to convince Europeans that Washington is still serious about its "Invest in the U.S." campaign to help the balance of payments.

ISRAEL

The Generals Mean Business

Rare is the book publisher who gets the opportunity that befell Uri Ben-Ari, general manager of Tel Aviv's Lewin-Epstein Co. When he was recalled to his other job as an armored-brigade commander two weeks before the 1967 war, he organized a team of photographers and journalists and readied them to cover the battlefronts. Six weeks after he led Israeli tanks into the Arab part of Jerusalem, he brought out *Victory*, the first book on the war. It sold 150,000 copies in Israel alone, and has since been translated into English, French, German and Spanish. Ben-Ari

has gone on to publish a score of titles in the U.S., where his Sabra Books are distributed by Funk & Wagnalls.

Ben-Ari was among the first of a rapidly growing number of former professional officers who have become top civilian executives in Israel. Since the Six-Day War, nearly 100 former generals and colonels have taken command positions in private or government-owned industry, banking, utilities, commerce and transportation. Often, they are recruited to executive suites a year or more before they pick up their first pension check, and can choose among a dozen offers.

Frustrated Talent. The recruiting of the generals and colonels coincides with a basic change in the government's economic thinking. Israel's Zionist founders scorned commerce and were more interested in agriculture and socialist ideology than in industry. Thus the Jewish talent for business was late to bloom in Israel. Civilian managers often lacked the skills to run modern industrial corporations or to deal with foreign investors on anything like equal terms. Lately, the government has concluded that Israel's future security depends almost as much on a strong economy as on a tough army. Last year the gross national product increased 13%, to \$4 billion, and overall investment shot up 44%. Suddenly, skilled managers were very much in demand to help guide that growth.

Ex-General Elad Pelled, an infantry division commander, is now deputy managing director of Israel Electric Corp., the government power monopoly; ex-Brigadier Dan Tolkowsky, a former airforce commander, is managing director of Discount Bank Investment Corporation Ltd.; Chaim Herzog, a former chief of military intelligence, manages Sir Isaac Wolfson's diverse interests in Israel.

One ex-colonel, Zalman Shalev, a former head of military communications, founded an electronics company that recorded \$1,500,000 in sales last year. Another ex-colonel, Arie Shachar, took over the money-losing government trucking company called Mifalei Tovola, promising to turn a profit within a year or close down the company. He replaced its ancient fleet of trucks and fired 70% of the headquarters staff, starting at the top "to show the workers that the reforms were just." Shachar also negotiated a new labor contract that increased the drivers' work hours by 15%, with no raise in pay; he accomplished that by holding out an offer of better pensions and threatening closure as an alternative. The first year's profit: \$220,000.

Ex-General Meir Amit, onetime head of Israel's intelligence service, last year took charge of Koor Industries, which is owned by the giant labor federation, Histadrut, and accounts for one-fifth of Israel's industrial production, spanning into steel, cement, tires, electronics, chemicals and glass. He found that Koor

PHOTO BY MICHAEL



PUBLISHER BEN-ARI
Recruiting from the brass.

was a "collection of little empires"; it had no fewer than 34 managers, who were often slow to exploit foreign technology. Amit consolidated five metal-working plants into a single division, merged two chemical plants, centralized headquarters functions and dropped unrewarding products. He also added a flat 10% to everyone's sales targets, and expects to double Koor's annual sales of \$200 million by 1974.

Second Careers. It was quite natural that government-directed industries turned first to the army. Israel's military is a meritocracy of men who are accustomed to leadership, large-scale administration and organization and the uses of new technology. The first computer in Israel, for instance, was owned by the army. Top officers are unusually well-prepared to take up a second career, unlike their U.S. or British counterparts, who often wind up as mere corporate figureheads. The military policy of retirement at age 40 to 45 is designed to ensure both rapid promotion in the army and a cadre of experienced administrators in civilian life.

Often the army provides the best education that young Israelis can get. Israel Electric's Pelled, for example, was sent by the army to Paris' Ecole Supérieure de Guerre, and then to Hebrew University of Jerusalem to study economics and political science. The present chief of staff, Chaim Bar-Lev, is a graduate of Columbia's School of Business Administration, as are a dozen other senior officers. Israel's ex-officers also enjoy the rare advantage of being genuine national heroes, and young Israelis relate to them far more than to civilians of the same generation.

Their initial success guarantees that the country will rely more and more on the military to provide managers. To help supply some more of them, Tel Aviv University recently opened a graduate school of business administration. Its acting dean, Dr. Ze'ev Hirsch, is the first to admit that "the army is the best business school in the country."



TRUCKER SHACHAR
Firing from the top.

INSURANCE

Lloyd's Rising Risks

For all its benefits, the growth of technology has also heightened man's risks. Today's risky times should be the best of times for Lloyd's of London, which built an international reputation insuring the new, the colossal, and occasionally the preposterous. Yet Lloyd's profits have been slipping since 1963. Last year the world's largest underwriting group for general insurance closed the books on 1965—three years are needed to settle claims—and reported a \$91 million loss. Lloyd's last month announced a \$44 million loss for 1966, despite a record income of \$1.3 billion in premiums.

The losses were due partly to huge damages paid on a rare combination of hurricanes, air crashes, U.S. race riots and oilfield fires. A deeper reason was that in those years, premium rates of much of the insurance business—with the exception of long-term life, which Lloyd's does not carry—were unrealistic. The rates failed to keep pace with soaring repair costs and the proliferation of bigger jet aircraft and giant oil tankers. "Inflation and technological revolutions all caught up with the underwriters," says Lloyd's Chairman Henry S. Mance.

Capital Club. Oddly, Lloyd's greatest strength can also be a weakness. It is more a club than a company—a clearinghouse for individual members, usually old acquaintances who get together in groups to cover risks. Informal transactions involving millions take only minutes and are closed by an underwriter hastily scribbling his initials on a broker's risk slip. This organization has effectively tapped private capital while avoiding the overhead of a ponderous corporation. Yet individual members, who accept unlimited liability for insurance they underwrite, can lose heavily. In the past two underwriting years, Lloyd's 6,000 members were each, on average, \$22,800 out of pocket. Recently, Lloyd's revealed that its membership—and source of capital—was noticeably diminishing.

One way out of its difficulties would be for Lloyd's to become an ordinary insurance company and increase its income from outside investments. But members are averse to such change. They prize the clubby atmosphere of the high marble halls where the tie that binds is mostly old school. The membership, at last count, included four former cabinet members (Hogg, Maundling, Sandys and Thorneycroft), more than 50 M.P.s, mainly Tory, Tycoons Charles Clode and Sir Isaac Wolfson, Lord Harlech, five dukes, eight marquesses, 39 earls, 90 knights and 113 baronets.

In hopes of meeting greater risks profitably, Lloyd's underwriters have in-

creased their premiums and are aiming at leadership in new coverage. Underwriters have been meeting with executives from Pan Am, TWA and BOAC, which are seeking insurance for their new jumbo jets. What Lloyd's needs most is rich new members to cover its risks: its scouts are out scouring the golf courses and grouse shoots to get them. This year the governing committee accepted the first 16 underwriters from outside the Commonwealth. Next year the "governors" will bend tradition even more. For the first time in its 282-year history, Lloyd's will admit women—a recognition of the fact of financial life that much of the world's capital is controlled by women.



LLOYD'S HEADQUARTERS
The tie that binds is old school.

SOUTHEAST ASIA

Ivan the Terrible Salesman

When the gypsy music stopped, the host rose from the table and began to tell his guests of the virtues of squid with mayonnaise. "It exerts a favorable influence on metabolism," he said, "and is prescribed for persons with heart problems." The setting was Kuala Lumpur's Hotel Mirama, and the host was a man from Prodintorg, the Soviet agency in charge of food exports. He was promoting Russian seafood, but the sales luncheon was neither a gastronomic nor a commercial success. Oily sardines were served with Georgian brandy so medicinal-tasting that it is sometimes known as "Stalin's Revenge." There was also dry shrimp with sweet champagne, sea kale and vegetables in tomato sauce and seven other tinned seafoods—but

no bread or crackers to go with them.

The Soviet sales luncheon has become increasingly familiar in Southeast Asia, where the Russians are pressing an economic offensive. This week they will wind up their most ambitious effort, a three-week trade fair in Kuala Lumpur. Elsewhere, the Russians have recently formed a joint shipping company with businessmen in Singapore, made trade overtures to the Philippines, welcomed a Thai trade delegation in Moscow and expanded Aeroflot plane service in many parts of Asia.

Price Yes, Quality No. Southeast Asia presents a target of opportunity to the Russians, a chance to increase their influence as the British and U.S. military presence recedes. The Soviet drive also stems from Leonid Brezhnev's call last June for a new Asian security arrangement aimed against the Chinese, and from Russia's pressing need to overcome a serious trade deficit with some Southeast Asian countries. Trouble is, the Southeast Asian market is highly competitive and tough to crack—and Moscow is accustomed to government-to-government deals. When forced to compete on the open market, Ivan can be a terrible salesman.

The Russians' profit from their splashy fair at Kuala Lumpur came chiefly in the form of experience. They crammed 2,000 exhibits into one building: textiles, semiprecious stones, machine tools, and mammoth red "Padi Harvesting Combines"—which are wheat combines converted for use in rice paddies. They also stocked shelves of books by Marx, Lenin and Engels but removed them after a government reminder that most are banned in Malaysia. "We're here to sell," said Dimitri V. Bekleshev, the gray-suited vice president of Vneshtorgreklama, the export agency's ad company. "Our tractors are better than the American Caterpillars." The advertising was also hard-sell, and rich in unintended humor. Sample Aeroflot slogan: "And you've heard of Russian hospitality (some people never quite recover from it)."

The Soviets sold none of their 80 h.p., four-passenger Moskvitch autos, which face stiff tariffs and quotas designed to protect local assembly plants for Fords, Volvos, Mercedes and Volkswagens. Boxy Soviet transistor radios, at \$33, and 35-mm. cameras, at \$59, were competitive with Japanese products in price but not in style. Tractors brought in for demonstrations had the embarrassing habit of breaking down; the Soviets sold only about \$80,000 worth of them, even though the salesmen quoted prices 20% to 25% lower than those of Japanese or U.S. models and offered two-year credits. Some items were a shade more successful. The men from

What this country doesn't need is just another small foreign car.

There are already a dozen or more small, inexpensive, foreign sedans in America. All fighting each other for the same place in the sun.

So we at British Leyland Motors figured America hardly needed another contender. But we also figured that since most Americans use these foreign cars as second cars, you could use one that was really designed for the job. Say a perfect second car.

And since we make the Jaguar, Rover, Triumph and MG, we felt we were the ones who could avoid the trap of making "just another car."

So first of all, we made the Austin America nimble. At \$1899* it's the lowest-priced car with a fully automatic transmission. And, as a boon for those who like to shift manually, this same transmission can also be shifted manually.

Secondly, the car is safe. It has front wheel drive and front disc brakes for more grip on the road. And a shorter hood so you can see more of that road.

Thirdly, it's surprisingly comfortable. It has a liquid suspension to come between you and the bumps. And more back seat leg room than the Lincoln Continental.

The Austin America is sold and serviced by more than 575 Austin-MG dealers throughout the country. It may not yet have the reputation of imports that have been around longer. But perfection isn't a bad thing to have going for it.

At Austin-MG dealers



Austin America. The perfect second car.



*MSRP. MSRP WITH AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION. EXcludes tax, title, license, dealer fees, and destination charge. ©1978 British Leyland Motors Ltd. All rights reserved.

Moscow found local agents for their machine tools and pumps and an agent for "Tibet Medicine," a mix of deer-antler shavings used by the Chinese as an aphrodisiac.*

Basis for Deal. Moscow's trade drive is also aimed at Singapore, the traditional economic middleman of the region and a potential entrepot for Soviet goods. There the Soviets have sold about \$10 million worth of cotton fabrics, machine tools, paper and canned food, and are negotiating to set up a \$3,000,000 watch factory. The Singapore-Soviet Shipping Agency Ltd., a joint venture with local Chinese, acts as agent for some 50 Russian ships that ply Far Eastern waters monthly and offers cargo rates 25% below those of many other nations. Consequently, Soviet ships carry coffee to Hong Kong

LOUIS BRASS



TRADE FAIR IN KUALA LUMPUR

Some never recover from Russian hospitality.

and Japan and timber from Malaysia and Indonesia to Mediterranean ports.

In Indonesia, the Russians are anxious to recoup oil losses. During Sukarno's reign, they provided Indonesia with \$523 million worth of aid to equip the armed forces. Since Sukarno was ousted in 1967, Indonesia has turned bitterly anti-Communist, but it still would like to trade with the Russians. The air force is virtually grounded for want of Soviet spare parts, and only 30% of the navy is operative. The Soviets have offered \$25 million in aid to complete a steel mill, an atomic reactor and a fertilizer plant, plus fresh investment in fisheries and tin and bauxite mines. There is a major catch: Moscow insists that Djakarta first repay its debt with interest—a total of \$799 million—which Indonesia patently cannot afford to do. Last week, despite the desire of both sides to reach an accord, a Soviet mission returned to Moscow after 37 days of hard bargaining, having achieved only an agreement to confer again.

* It does not work.

MARKETING

The Potato-Chip War

When is a potato chip not a potato chip? Not when it is "made from potatoes cooked, mashed and dehydrated, resulting in potato granules which are later moistened, rolled out, cut into pieces and fried." So say officers of the Potato Chip Institute International, which represents almost 400 chip makers from the U.S. and abroad. The group is trying to stop two huge companies from promoting as potato chips some dehydrated potato products that are now being test-marketed.

The institute has taken its semantics argument into court in Lincoln, Neb., aiming to enjoin General Mills from advertising its Chipo potato snacks as "new-fashioned potato chips." The institute also intends to sue Procter & Gamble for advertising its potato Pringle's as "newfangled potato chips." Harvey Noss Sr., executive vice president of the institute, complains that both companies "are trying to capitalize on the good name of the potato chip, which has been built up over 100 years."

At stake is a \$900 million industry, mostly made up of small companies that market their products locally. Institute members are obviously afraid that the new dehydrated potato snacks could nibble into potato-chip markets and drive some of the small chip companies out of business. Dallas-based Frito-Lay, which claims to be the biggest chip maker in the U.S. and uses Comic Buddy Hackett to munch chips on TV commercials, sides with the institute. But Frito-Lay is hedging its bet by test-marketing Munchos, a potato snack that it carefully labels "potato crisps." Francis X. Rice, president of the institute, concedes that "synthetic" chips do have advantages. Pringle's, for example, have a longer shelf life and are not nearly so fragile as potato chips because they are uniformly round and come neatly stacked in tall cardboard canisters. Partly because of the costly packaging, the dehydrated chips cost about 15% more than regular chips. Pringle's taste and look much like real potato chips, but they are not as crisp.

Long War. The chip controversy is the latest battle in the long war that traditional foods have been losing to various substitutes. Fewer calories, less cholesterol, no refrigeration, uniform quality and many other claims have been used to persuade the U.S. consumer to switch to nondairy creamers in her coffee, orange-flavored breakfast drinks, soybean meal in hamburger, and simulated bacon. Sales of fabricated foods are rising, but many people feel that the old-time products taste better.

Even some major food processors are traditionalists. Robert Wise, head of Wise Potato Chips, a division of Borden, Inc. does not feel the least bit threatened by Chipo or Pringle's, nor does he plan to make a similar product. "We are not interested in competing with ourselves," he says.

MILESTONES

Married. Arlo Guthrie, 22, balladeer son of Folk Singer Woody Guthrie; and Jacklyn Hyde, 24 (see MUSIC).

Divorced. Brigitte Bardot, 35, durable cinema sex kitten; from Günter Sachs, 36, wealthy West German playboy; on grounds of incompatibility; in Lenzerheide, Switzerland.

Divorced. Dr. Sam Sheppard, 45, Cleveland osteopath who spent almost ten years in prison for the murder of his first wife before a retrial led to his acquittal in 1966; by Ariane Tebbenjohanns Sheppard, 40, German divorcee and Dr. Sam's prison pen pal, who claims to have spent over \$200,000 in the fight to clear his name; on grounds of gross neglect; after five years of marriage, no children; in Cleveland.

Died. Diane Linkletter, 20, youngest of TV Star Art Linkletter's five children and herself a budding TV actress; after leaping from her sixth-floor apartment while on an LSD trip; in West Hollywood. Depressed by a series of minor problems, Diane began taking LSD six months ago, and her father could not persuade her to stop. "It wasn't suicide," said Linkletter, "because she wasn't herself. It was murder. She was murdered by the people who maniafature and sell LSD."

Died. Walter Hagen, 76, one of golf's all-time champions, holder of five P.G.A., two U.S. and four British Open titles; of throat cancer; near Traverse City, Mich. A onetime caddy who won his first U.S. Open at the age of 21, "the Haig" did more to popularize golf than any other player. In an era of small purses, he was the first to win \$1,000,000 (which he spent as fast as he made); his sartorial elegance and dramatic come-from-behind victories, drew huge galleries wherever he played. All through the 1920s, fans argued whether Hagen was better than Amateur Champion Bobby Jones. In 1926, Hagen challenged Jones to a 72-hole match—and beat him twelve up, eleven holes to go.

Died. Matsutaro Shoriki, 84, Japanese newspaper publisher who brought the grand old game of *hesho* to his homeland; of a heart attack; in Tokyo. In 1924, Shoriki purchased the dying Tokyo daily *Yomiuri* (circ. 40,000) and as a promotional gimmick sponsored visits by American baseball teams featuring such stars as Lou Gehrig and Babe Ruth. The tours were overwhelming successes, and the game soon became as popular in Japan as in the U.S. Today, *Yomiuri's* circulation is 5.1 million, in no small part because of the thoroughness of its baseball coverage.

Died. The Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick, 91, apostle of liberal Protestantism in the U.S. (see RELIGION).



CAPITAL GAINER

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A Fortune report to executives and investors.

What you should know about hungry conglomerates and passed-over vice presidents

Business phenomenon #1.

In recent months, the impressive earnings records of the so-called conglomerates have become a hotly debated subject. Critics claim that the conglomerates have unusually high price-earnings ratios and continually pick up "free earnings" by acquiring companies. A recent Fortune study of ten companies that have expanded aggressively through acquisitions disclosed that eight of the ten showed exceptional growth in earnings during the decade. Most do not have—and have never had—particularly high price-earnings ratios.

Business phenomenon #2.

An increasing number of today's top executives are facing a career crisis because of mergers and rapid technological change. Forty-eight out of sixty-four major companies in a recent survey reported serious concern about obsolescence in their executive ranks. Fortune has found that companies themselves often create the situations that produce career arrest—and at a time when executive experience and talent are badly needed.

The above subjects should be of

vital concern to you as an executive and an investor. If you had been reading Fortune regularly, you would have seen how the magazine analyzes a wide range of complex problems in a way that's quite unique. The sole purpose: to provide you with original and profitable information for decision making.

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CINEMA

NEW MOVIES

The Shortest War in History

The man in the tattered tuxedo (Frank Thornton) proceeds blithely across the blasted landscape. A gray, gluey mud sucks at his feet. The twilight surrounding him is some hallucinatory shade of orange. He pauses at a ruined shack and knocks on the door frame. "Good evening, sir," he says with elaborate politeness to Captain Bules Martin (Michael Hordern), the master of the house and a sometime surgeon. "I am the traveling BBC announcer, and here was the news." He squats in the mire, framed by a gutted television set, and begins to speak: "I am happy to report that after the recent nuclear misunderstanding,



THORNTON & HORDERN IN "SITTING ROOM"
Surrealistic aggression.

peace has finally been restored. This, we are proud to say, was the shortest war in the history of the world. It took two minutes and 28 seconds, including the signing of the treaty." After the broadcast, the surgeon casually inquires of a patient, "Who was the enemy?" "I haven't the least idea," comes the slightly startled reply.

Virtuoso Stock. Martin's patient is Lord Fortnum (Ralph Richardson), who lives in morbid fear of turning into a bed sitting room. He eventually does, of course. Just the way Penelope's Mum (Mona Washbourne) turns into a dresser and her Dad (Arthur Lowe) into a parrot, while Penelope herself (Rita Tushingham) takes 17 months to give birth to one baby and about 37 seconds to deliver herself of a second. All this goes on while the police (Peter Cook and Dudley Moore) fly overhead in a rusted-out patrol car suspended from the end of a helium balloon. A former officer of the volunteer army (Spike Milligan) hides in a bomb shelter, calling out,

"Say, have they dropped it yet?" Nothing makes any kind of sense at all—but then neither does war.

This hilarious, crazy film is titled *The Bed Sitting Room* (well, why not?) and marks Director Richard Lester's second act of total surrealist aggression against the homicidal excesses of the military. Lester turned everything upside down and used the war-movie genre to satirize itself in *How I Won the War*, but *The Bed Sitting Room*, which is funnier and more tightly controlled, makes *How I Won* look like a warm-up exercise. There has been no director of such prodigious comic invention since the haleyoon days of Preston Sturges. Lester throws off sight gags and visual puns like some pyrotechnical pinwheel and molds character actors (Richardson, Roy Kinnear, the superb Michael Hordern) into a virtuoso stock company. But he also knows the value of good writing, and Charles Wood's script is a model of subdued rage and satiric precision. "I always used to say 'For Christ's sakes, drop it,'" Mum tells Dad as they reminisce about the bomb. "Now, Mum." Dad gently remonstrates, "that was only when you were tired."

Proud Lineage. Lester himself shows few signs of fatigue; in fact, he gets better with each film. The two Beatles movies and *The Knack* had a glossy, TV-commercial cleverness about them that made the chaotic brilliance of *How I Won the War* all the more surprising and gratifying. Last year's *Penelope* was one of the few successful American attempts to tell an adult love story, an unusually acute and sometimes vitriolic account of the way two lovers destroy each other. *The Bed Sitting Room* carries reminders of both the other films and of other styles. Indeed, it shows its lineage proudly: a little Marx Brothers, settings out of *Krazy Kat*, a lot of *The Goon Show* (altogether appropriate, since the co-author of the original play, Spike Milligan, was one of the show's originators). Yet it is indisputably a Lester film, a product of a passionate, painful comic vision that is helping to establish him, more and more, as one of the world's most original film makers.

Pop and Circumstance

As the historian Prescott tells it, Pizarro drew his sword and "traced a line with it on the sand from East to West. Then, turning towards the South, 'Friends and comrades!' he said, 'on that side are toil, hunger, nakedness, the drenching storm, desertion, and death: on this side ease and pleasure. There lies Peru with its riches; here, Panama and its poverty. Choose, each man, what best becomes a brave Castilian. For my part, I go to the South.'" It was an epic moment, one of the many, in fact, that *The Royal Hunt of the Sun* shamelessly overlooks in favor of pop-psych melodramatics. A pity, too,

because when this Freudian version of the conquest of Peru concentrates on the pomp and circumstance traditional to movie spectacles, it is a lot of corn-ball fun.

General Francisco Pizarro (Robert Shaw) was, the way Screenwriter Philip Yordan tells it, obsessed by his own bastardy. As in the case of T. E. Lawrence of Arabia, the burden of his illegitimacy weighed so heavily that it drove him to deeds of improbable and even reckless heroism. In the bizarre personage of King Atahualpa (Christopher Plummer) Pizarro encounters a man of his own kind, an implacable and almost superhuman force. Atahualpa gives short shrift to the rabid Catholic missionaries in Pizarro's party and, looking into the explorer's eyes, says tellingly: "Their God is not in your face." Replies Pizarro: "I see my father in



PLUMMER IN "ROYAL HUNT"
High priest of camp.

your face." The eventual and inevitable execution of Atahualpa becomes a pat symbol of Pizarro's psychosis, at once too easy and too unwieldy to be taken seriously.

Still, the proceedings—adapted from Peter Shaffer's opulent play—are well managed by Director Irving Lerner in a style that might be called Eisenstein modern, and devotees of the Hollywood spectacular will cherish the bravado of the two leading actors. Robert Shaw bellows and glowers in his ornate armor like a psyched-up Errol Flynn. Christopher Plummer, in cloak, loincloth, gold necklaces and flowing hair, looks like the lead singer of a particularly exotic rock group, and his attempts at a Peruvian dialect occasionally make him sound like one. His performance is unabashed camp, consisting about equally of ego, bluff and plain old Spam. It is obvious that he has not had so much fun since he spent all that time over in the corner of the screen sneering at the kids in *The Sound of Music*.

BOOKS

Daughter of Debate

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS by Antonia Fraser. 613 pages. Delacorte. \$10.

The beautiful woman who serenely lay down on the executioner's block one morning in 1587 seemed to be leaving behind a life of failure. She had spent nearly half of her 44 years in captivity, and was now condemned to be beheaded as a traitor. During the seven years that she had actively reigned over a small and backward nation, she had achieved nothing of note in foreign or domestic policy and had gradually yielded her power to a swarm of savagely contending noblemen. Most decisions in her life had turned out wrong. The last—to seek refuge in England—had literally proved fatal.

Far from fading into historical limbo, however, Mary Queen of Scots projected herself dramatically into the royal and religious tumult of the 16th century. In death as in life, she was sometimes reviled as a scheming whore, sometimes revered as a misunderstood martyr to her Roman Catholic faith. But she was invariably regarded as fascinating. Antonia Fraser's overlong but richly readable biography demonstrates that Mary's great fascination continues unabated.

A Gambler's Courage. Part of the lady's appeal was sheerly feminine. Tall (5 ft. 11 in.) and graceful, she had a slightly hoydenish charm that could beguile even her English jailers long after she had lost her looks. She grew up in the cultivated, opulent court of France and French was the language she ordinarily spoke and wrote throughout her life. Pampered and adored there, she was the bride of the sickly Dauphin at 15, Queen of France at 16, a widow—and very possibly still a virgin—at 17.

Later, when she ventured to Scotland for her hereditary throne as the daughter of James V, she displayed a gambler's courage. Her young life revolved around theatrical plots, murders, captures and daring escapes from gloomy castles that would have been all too improbable for fiction. What romancer, for instance, would dare to have his heroine develop the one sexual passion of her life for a vain and vicious 17-year-old popinjay, then, three months after his violent death, marry the man who had not only plotted his murder but abducted and raped her, only to end up in prison a month later, abandoned and temporarily deranged? Yet that is the actual history of Mary and her last two husbands, Lord Henry

Darnley and the Earl of Bothwell.

Antonia Fraser's approach to such goings-on is the one advocated by 19th Century Historian James Froude: "To look wherever we can through the eyes of contemporaries, from whom the future was concealed." With such handling, events achieve a fresh plausibility; Mary's behavior with Darnley and Bothwell, for example, becomes humanly understandable. Historic perspectives are foreshortened—a most notable defect in Miss Fraser's acerbic portrait of Queen Elizabeth. Nonetheless, the author marshals her evidence generously enough to allow for differing interpretations and briskly clears away the "cobwebs of fantasy" that have attached themselves to Mary's character over the



LADY ANTONIA FRASER



MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS AT BEHEADING
Pampered and adored on the way to the block.

centuries. Her Mary emerges neither as a Jezebel nor as a saint, but as a high-spirited woman who was brave, rather romantic, and not very bright.

Petticoat Martyr. Antonia Fraser sees Mary's execution for her involvement in a plot against Elizabeth as the moment at which Mary, self-consciously casting herself as a woman dying for her religion, altered the balance of her whole life and won her revenge over Elizabeth by capturing the imagination of posterity. The narration—grave, fluent, never intrusive—lets the details speak for themselves: Mary's composed half-smile as she approached the scaffold, the histrionic moment when she stripped to a petticoat that was the liturgical crimson of martyrdom. Even the sudden lurch of her severed head as it fell from the executioner's hand because she had been wearing a wig, seemed elaborately staged. Such scenes are a reminder that biography, even popularized biography, is not only history. It can also be good literature.

Antonia Fraser recently filled out a form that asked what she did in life. She considered classifying herself as "writer," but finally settled for "biographer." Away from the typewriter, she is Lady Antonia Fraser, the wife of Sir Hugh Fraser, a prominent Conservative M.P. The mother of six, she runs a country place on the Scottish island of Eilean Aigas and a nine-bedroom town house in London's Kensington.

She is also, at 37, a striking blonde whose ten-years-younger looks are a staple of London's social columns and glossy magazines, where she is referred to in such treacly terms as "Lady Madonna of the Tennis Courts." She insists that she spends less time living it up than trying to live down her swinging reputation—a difficult task for a woman who has been known to produce an opera in her backyard, appear on television as an actress, and take a well-publicized muleback expedition to a "lost" city in the Ethiopian highlands.

Still, she was born into the Pakenham family, where writer's ink seems thicker than blood. Her father, the Earl of Longford, a former Lord Privy Seal and leader of the House of Lords, has produced six volumes on such topics as banking, politics and philosophy. One out this year is called *On Humility*. Her mother, writing under the name of Elizabeth Longford, is the author of two biographies, including the highly regarded *Queen Victoria*, and another on Wellington due

* A poem in a recent issue of the *New Statesman* contains the quatrain: *Death shares the news with Françoise Hardy's Sex life, Lady Antonia's parties; Mr. Wilson's thousand days; Plots of the world's most famous plays.*

out next month. A brother, Thomas Pak-
enham, expects to finish a new book
on the Irish Rebellion of 1798 by Christ-
mas. A sister, Mrs. Judith Kanantzis,
writes textbooks. Another sister, Lady
Rachel Billington, is a novelist.

This literary eruption, however, is rel-
atively recent. "My childhood was more
political than literary," says Lady An-
tonia. Her father was lecturing on po-
itics and economics at Oxford, and her
mother often joined him in active cam-
paigning. "Books were considered *the*
thing in our family even then, but ev-
erybody went off and made speeches
about them instead of writing them." Ex-
cept for Antonia. She wrote poems
and plays ("At the age of eight, I thought
it was perfectly easy to do anything
that Shakespeare had done") and de-
veloped a lifelong passion for history
and biography. "I had a childhood iden-
tification with Mary Queen of Scots,"
she says. "I would get some of my
seven brothers and sisters to act out
the execution scene, with me playing
Mary and saying very dramatically,
'Don't cry, good people.'"

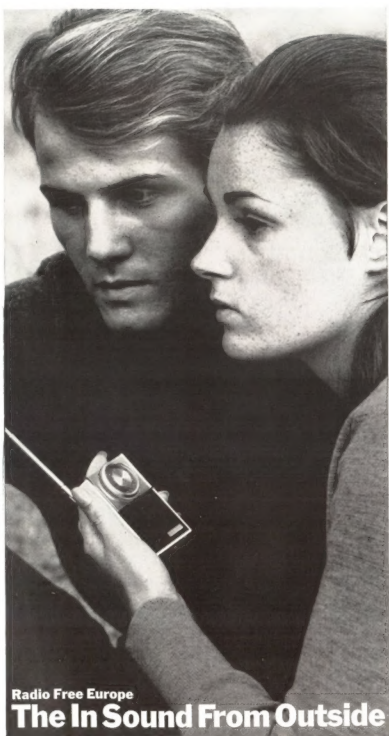
Dislocated Neck. Turning such fan-
tasies into real history had to wait until
Antonia had finished secondary school
at the rather precocious age of 15,
spent two years dabbling at novel writ-
ing and then read history at Oxford.
After her marriage at 23—in a replica
of Mary Stuart's first bridal headdress
—she warmed up with some children's
books and *A History of Toys*.

Finally, in 1965, she started three
years of research on Mary, digging
through libraries in England, France
and Scotland and revisiting most of
the sites of Mary's life. During the
third year, pregnant with her sixth child,
she sometimes toppled over when lift-
ing heavy index files in libraries, and
once fainted in the British Museum.
Six weeks after the birth of the child,
she sat down in a little study par-
titioned off from her bedroom and in
seven months wrote the 250,000-word
manuscript. Drafts in progress were
pinned to her husband's pillow at night
with a note: "Mark an X where you
get bored." Her neck became dislocated
from the constant typing, but she re-
mained so emotionally involved that
she could weep while writing the ex-
ecution scene. "I know it sounds af-
fected, but after we had been together
three years it seemed terrible that she
had to go through all that."

Far from Foggy Bottom

AMBASSADOR'S JOURNAL by John
Kenneth Galbraith. 656 pages. Houghton
Mifflin. \$10.

One of the inalienable rights of ex-
Presidents, ex-generals and ex-ambas-
sadors—and their ex-secretaries, ex-Jeep
drivers and ex-valets—is the privilege
of making public their diaries. The re-
sult, customarily, is to confront the read-
er with a literary chore roughly com-
parable to watching a three-hour slide



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show of his mother-in-law's latest trip through Navajo country.

What makes all the difference in this book is Galbraith. The sometime Harvard economist (*The Affluent Society*), novelist (*The Triumph*) and dancing partner of Jacqueline Kennedy is that rarity of diarists, a writer of first-rate prose. As a journal of his two years and three months as U.S. Ambassador to India (April 1961-July 1963), the volume is inevitably filled with history's largely forgotten and largely forgettable moments. But scarcely a paragraph is unredeemed by a flash of wit or a quietly neo-Machiavellian observation.

Galbraith sardonically sweated his way through the routines of a "ceremonial existence." He met VIP planes. He attended weddings. He put in appearances at worthy institutions—farming villages, universities, factories. He gave countless speeches. He entertained American tourists: the Harvard Glee Club, the Davis Cup team, Lyndon Baines Johnson ("genuinely intelligent") and, finally, Jackie Kennedy. Social duties also involved suffering fools gladly, like the Indian industrialist of whom he wrote: "No one could be rich enough to buy the right to be such a bore."

Galbraith is down on the local food: "I have never been in a city where it is so easy to lose weight." On the whole, however, India gets high grades from the professor. It is Washington that he really cannot abide. He complains of the way jet fighters were shipped to India's unfriendly neighbor Pakistan. It was, he remarks acidly, about as furtive as "mass sodomy on the B.M.T. at rush hour." But it is another vexing American institution, the State Department—which he considers short on policy, long on platitudes—that Galbraith finds hardest to forgive. "Mindless," "petty," "pompous" and "late" are only a few of the acid adjectives he applies to Foggy Bottom, and for the most part he bluntly takes Dean Rusk to be its accurate personification.

Overdeveloped Women. Galbraith obviously was not easy for the bureaucrats to handle. In government, he observes, "people get boxed only when they won't kick their way out." Galbraith was a tutor at Harvard when Jack Kennedy was a blithe undergraduate. Perhaps partly as a result, he did not hesitate to go to the top with his complaints. He also took it upon himself to advise the young President not only on Indian affairs but about Berlin and Viet Nam too, sounding early warnings against military intervention in Southeast Asia. Counseling and criticizing, he variously complained that "money serves as a substitute for intelligence" in American foreign policy and that complex issues are too often reduced to simple-minded win-or-lose terms. As a gadfly, he kept pointing out, too, that it is almost as important to know what is not serious as to know what is.

The author himself played to win. He

counted his crowds like a star on opening night. He reveled in autograph hounds and—with proper irony, of course—did not neglect to record naive comparisons of Galbraith to Moses, Tennyson and Jesus Christ.

The journal bursts with an exuberant assurance that the public arena is now the proper place for intellectuals. Some of this gusto was always Galbraith's, but some of it unmistakably emanated from his boss—the man at the center of the New Frontier. It is hard to imagine a Nixon appointee ever commenting on the propriety required of a diplomat: "Being Ambassador to India is the nearest thing yet devised to a male chastity belt. But one can still gaze wistfully." A little-known Galbraithian law:



GALBRAITH AND NEHRU (1961)

The fine glow that comes from being "in."

"The more underdeveloped the country the more overdeveloped the women."

In describing a White House dinner, Galbraith speaks of the "fine glow that comes from being 'in.'" Charming overconfidence shines all through the book, bearing witness to the wit and spirit of the Kennedy era. Less than ten years old, these memoirs read almost as if they had been written from another, far more cheerful planet.

Spying on Sparrows et al.

THE SUPER SPIES by Andrew Tully. 256 pages. Morrow. \$5.95.

Everybody loves a spy—unless, of course, he happens to be real. Then nobody likes him or his dirty work, and fewer still want to tell about it. Partly as a result, James Bond is a household word while practically nobody knows the names and numbers of the actual players in the cold underworld of international espionage. A journalist-author named Andrew Tully airs this situation in a provocative and detailed

new book that claims to reveal a dark cloakfold of hitherto secret tales of derring-do.

Tully's most startling assertion is that months in advance of the event a Polish traitor handed a U.S. Defense Department agent detailed plans of last year's Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia. Intelligence strategists, Tully asserts, then imaginatively suggested making the plans public in an effort to force a Russian change of heart. As Tully tells it, Washington overruled the idea on grounds that the U.S. could not afford such dangerous brinkmanship during the Viet Nam war.*

Button Microphone. Tully, a Washington columnist, has specialized in books that "reveal the truth" about Government agencies. His purpose this time is to demonstrate the pervasive and gigantic nature of the U.S. espionage establishment. Tully credits U.S. espionage experts with remarkable success. To hear him tell it, hardly a sparrow falls to earth in the world without a U.S. spy taking note. The book is filled with what might be called incidental intelligence. In Jordan, a U.S. agent was told a week in advance of the date of the planned 1967 Israeli offensive. (The U.S. believed the information, but Nasser, who heard it independently, still had most of his planes on the ground on the fateful morning.) In Viet Nam, when an ARVN officer was suspected of duplicity, special buttons were secretly sewn onto his uniform: the top one contained a microphone, the second a transmitter, the third a battery; when his guilt was confirmed by the hidden equipment, he was perfunctorily executed (with no Green Beret-style aftermath).

Finding out so much in so many places costs \$4 billion a year, Tully estimates, and involves 60,000 people. The CIA is not even the largest (or most expensive) spy shop, according to Tully. That honor falls to the National Security Agency, which takes care of both making and breaking cryptology codes on a budget twice that of the CIA's. Why is so much effort necessary? Tully is not sure that it is. Even if it is accepted that the U.S. should secret-police the world, there is obviously much wasteful duplication among the agencies. Tully's popularly aimed book is hardly conclusive. The author raises questions far better than he explores them. Congress itself has shirked the job of keeping any real tabs on the intelligence funds it votes. It is possible that the only complete accounting of the elaborate U.S. espionage establishment lies in some busy and bulging file in Moscow.

* Both the State Department and the Defense Intelligence Agency refuse to comment officially. Unofficially, they say that they had considerable advance knowledge about the degree of preparedness of Red Army units—and how the attack would be made if it came—but no advance warning about whether or not the Kremlin would actually authorize an attack.

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